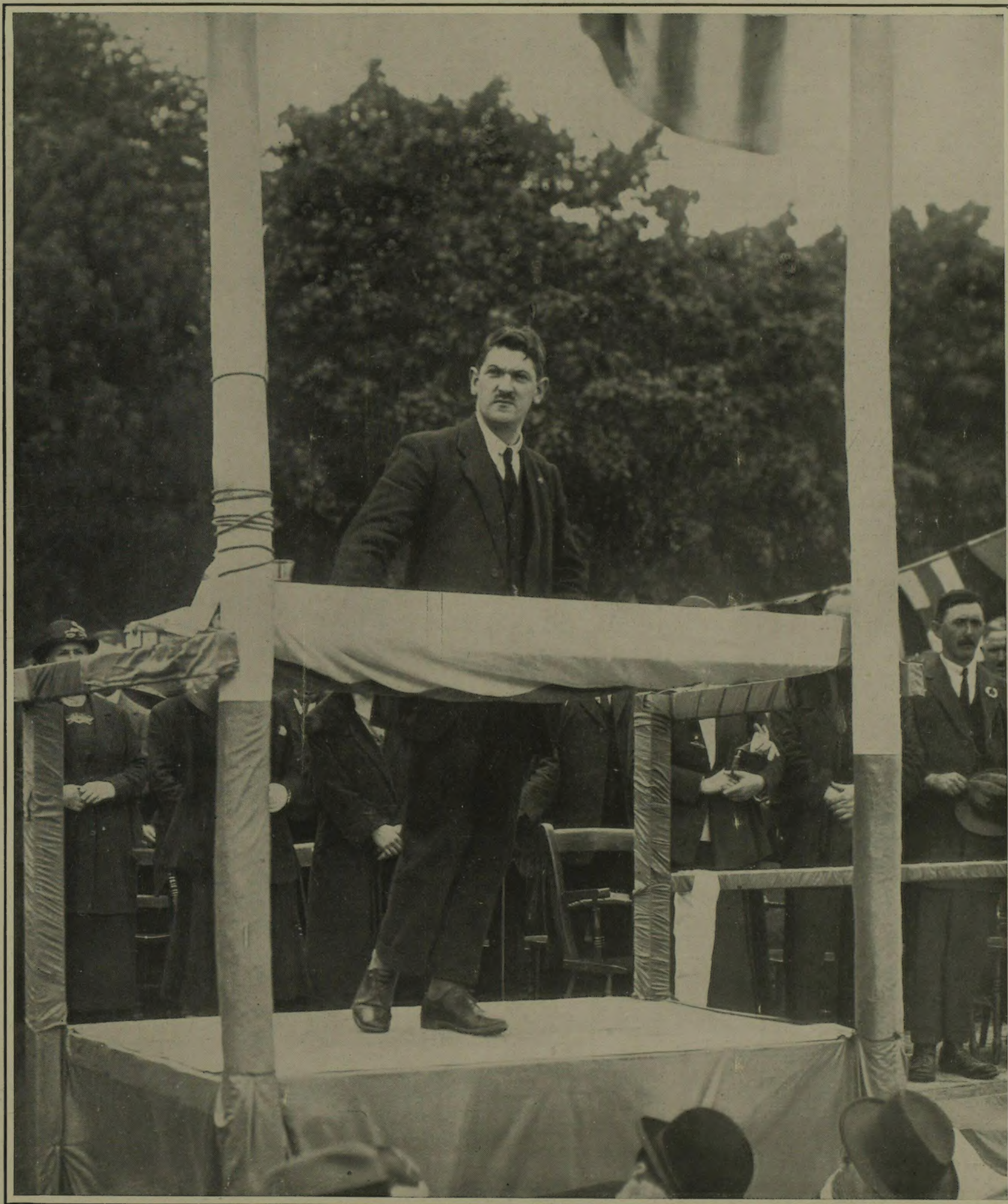


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1921.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



THE ELUSIVE I.R.A. CHIEF IN THE OPEN AT LAST: THE NOTORIOUS MICHAEL COLLINS SPEAKING AT ARMAGH.

There was a time, not so long ago, when Michael Collins was regarded almost as a myth, so elusive was he in escaping capture. Only last March it was stated: "The British authorities invested a part of Dublin. . . . The houses were carefully searched, and nothing was found. The head of the Republican Army, however, Michael Collins, whom the authorities hoped to catch in this trap, had been warned in time, and, just as the troops were going to lay hands on him, he rode off on his bicycle with an umbrella under his arm." He

directed the militant operations of the I.R.A., and must be held responsible for numerous murders and outrages committed by that organisation. Since the Irish truce, he has come out into the open, and to-day he is figuring as Sinn Féin "Minister of Finance." Speaking at Armagh on Sunday, September 4, he said that the Government offer did not give Ireland "the substance of freedom." Mr. de Valera's second letter to the Premier, raising similar objections, caused disappointment. The Cabinet arranged to meet at Inverness on September 7.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AN entertaining weekly paper has been collecting the confessions of good writers about their inability to read good books. We all know the books we cannot read, although they are admittedly admired, or even admittedly admirable. I am not going to make my own confession here; but it strikes me that there is another sort of confession which would be even more interesting, and which nobody is likely to make anywhere. It does not concern the great books that people find faulty when they try to read them. It concerns the great books which people regard as faultless, because they have never tried to read them at all. They are books without which no gentleman's library is complete; and the gentleman always leaves his library quite complete, without even a temporary gap in the shelves. If this is true of pure literature, it is truer still of science and philosophy. Men regard books as they do battles; as things fortunately successful, but still more fortunately finished. They seldom revisit the actual battlefields of controversy.

You may happen to be an exception; you may happen to be interested in these things. I will suppose that you cannot be torn from the study of Locke on the Human Understanding. I will assume that you always carry a few volumes of the "Novum Organum" in your pocket. I will agree that you take Newton's "Principia" to bed with you, or study in the watches of the night the first demonstration of the Differential Calculus. But if you have really studied these three books, you will be all the more clearly aware that most people do not study them, however much they praise them; and perhaps least of all when they invoke them. The books that influence the world are those that it has not read. The whole strength of Darwinism is now in the masses of traditional people who never dream of reading Darwin's book. The few specialists who read it mostly disagree with it; but the book is easily borne up by the enthusiasm of the thousands who have not read it, against the petty and carping criticism of the few who have. The same is true, of course, of the sacred book of the Bolsheviks. The work of Karl Marx has not been opened by one in a million of the men who would call themselves Marxians. But it is none the less powerful, and one might almost say popular. Such people do not want you to read the book as if for an examination. They only want you to kiss the book as if for an oath. The truth is that the written tale does not tell until it has become the oral tradition. It is not the letter of what is written, it is the legend that grows out of the letter. It is not Marx, but the rumour of Marx, that has filled the world with noise. It is not Darwin, but the romance of Darwin, that has filled the newspapers with nonsense. It is a sealed book that has something of the fascination of a shrine; it is the shadow of a man that has something of the power of a spirit.

But it is not only in cases like that of Karl Marx that a certain popular power can be found in

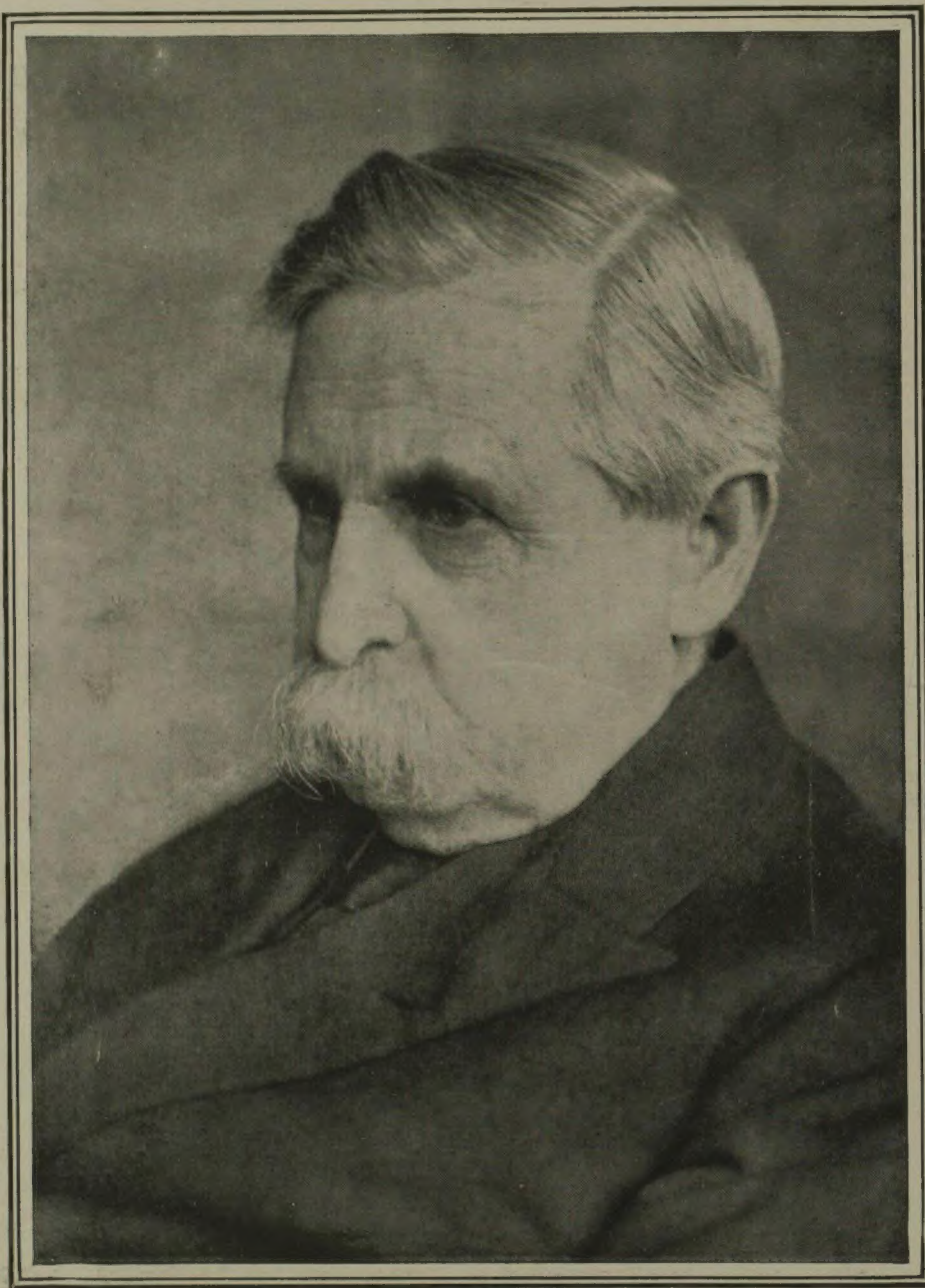
the rumour about a book, rather than in the reality inside the book. It is also true in cases where there is something entirely realistic and reasonable inside the book. Perhaps the strongest recent example of this strange sort of success is Mr. Belloc's book called "The Servile State." If it be a triumph to have popularised a name, Mr. Belloc might truly claim that nearly everybody by this time has heard of him and his Servile State. But Mr. Belloc, as it happens, had something to say. And I fear that few of these people have anything but the very vaguest notion of what it was that he said. Some credit him with

they are all supposed to be fellow citizens. The thesis is that the servant might become in practice a slave, even before he had ceased to be in theory a citizen.

But if the supporters of Socialism miss the point, the supporters of conventional Capitalism miss it quite as wildly. Their favourite phrase is that Mr. Belloc is haunted by some horrible disaster that is going to fall on us in the future, and the name of this nightmare is the Servile State. This is rather like saying that Darwin warned us all that we should soon be eaten by the Missing Link. Just as the whole point of Darwin was that evolution was gradual and began a long time ago, so the whole point of Belloc is that the servile tendency is gradual, and has already begun. So far from suggesting that some unnatural catastrophe threatens us, Mr. Belloc is chiefly concerned to show that the whole servile tendency is now so natural to us that we have already begun to act on it without knowing it.

And all the time the thesis of the book is quite simple and straightforward, and could easily be explained to any reasonable person. Those who talk about the Servile State, who repeat its title, refer to it, rebuke it, revolve round it in various attitudes of speculation, mystification, remonstrance, or despair—for them it would seem that one possible expedient would be to read it. If this be too daring a solution of the difficulty, another way would be to look at the facts in front of our eyes at this very moment, and make an effort to think it out for ourselves. At this moment there is an enormous and terrible problem of the unemployed, and much discussion about the anomaly of their being paid and the tragedy of their being unpaid. Now it is not unnatural to suggest that an ordinary capitalist, conventional but not without common sense, may be saying something like this: "I am honestly very sorry for the unemployed, and wish we could give them employment. But suppose we do give them employment, and then they go on strike or hold us up with some quarrel about wages? In short, I would give them work, or even wages till they got work, if I were quite sure they would accept the work." Now in saying that he is, quite innocently, coming very close to the ancient logic of slavery, such as supported the pagan civilisation. It is almost the definition of a slave that he does receive unemployment

pay. That is, he receives board and lodging, whether his master wants him to work at that moment or no. The whole point of the servile relation is that the master does undertake the whole support of the slave, idle or busy, but receives in return the right to decide when he shall be busy and when idle. Expressed in modern terms, the slave-owner agreed to give unemployment pay, on condition of getting rid of strikes. To a very large proportion of perfectly humane and intelligent business men to-day, it would seem a very workable compromise. It would be a very workable compromise. It would also be slavery—or the Servile State.



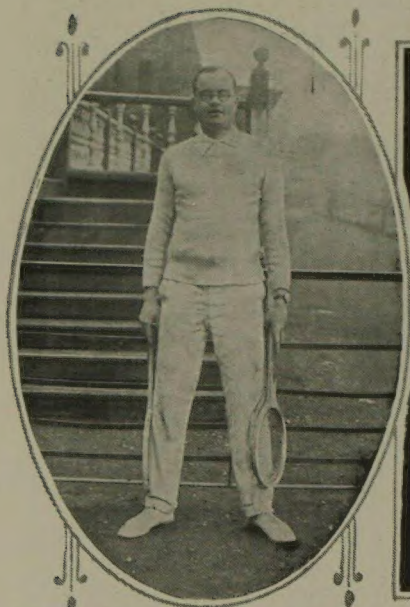
AN EXQUISITE INTERPRETER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE LATE MR. AUSTIN DOBSON—POET, ESSAYIST, AND CIVIL SERVANT.

The death of Mr. Austin Dobson on September 2, at the age of eighty-one, removed one of the few remaining literary veterans of the Victorian period. He was born at Plymouth in 1840, and published his first book, "Vignettes in Rhyme," in 1873. It was followed by "Proverbs in Porcelain" (1877), "Old World Idylls" (1883), and "At the Sign of the Lyre" (1885). From that date onward he wrote very little more verse, but was indefatigable as an essayist, biographer, and editor. His best-known prose works were his three volumes of "Eighteenth Century Vignettes." Separate memoirs included studies of Hogarth, Fielding, Bewick, Steele, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and Fanny Burney. A bibliography of his writings, issued in 1900, ran to over 300 pages.—[Camera Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

something like the very contrary of what he said. The supporters of Socialism generally assume that he continues the criticism of Herbert Spencer, and says that our social future will be Servile because it will be Socialist. On the contrary, he says it will not be Socialist because it will be Servile. Nor is the Servile State, as some suppose, a mere condemnation of a too rigid or coercive State; a protest against what is official because it is officious. On the contrary, one of its essential points is that the tremendous transition to a servile society is entirely unofficial. It arises out of the private relations of employers and employed; as distinct and different from the public relations in which

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, LAFAYETTE, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., STEWART, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, AND CENTRAL NEWS.



A DAVIS CUP WINNER:
MR. W. WASHBURN, U.S.A.



WELSH AMATEUR GOLF
CHAMPION. MR TOLLEY



SAVED FROM THE MALABAR
RISING: MRS. EATON



A NEW POLICE MAGISTRATE:
MR. SAMUEL FLEMING.



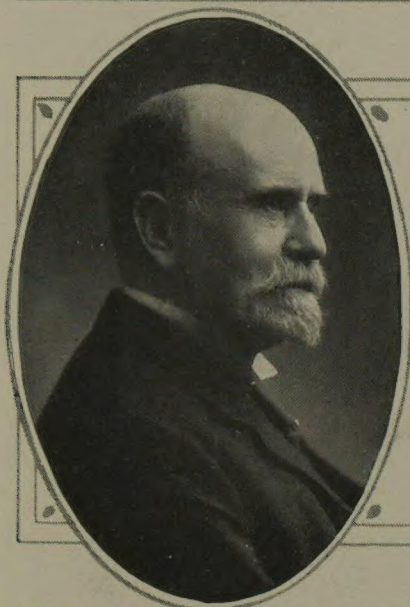
A DAVIS CUP WINNER:
MR. R. N. WILLIAMS, U.S.A.



A FAMOUS EXPLORER IN CHARGE OF THE SCHEME FOR THE RELIEF
OF FAMINE-STRICKEN RUSSIA: DR. NANSEN, WITH LORD WEARDALE (LEFT).



PHOTOGRAPHED ON HIS VISIT TO BLAIR CASTLE: THE PRIME MINISTER
ON HIS VISIT TO THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ATHOLL.



A MINING ENGINEER DEAD:
THE LATE SIR F. BRAIN.



COMMANDING IN MADRAS: MAJOR-
GEN. J. T. BURNETT-STUART.



A FAMOUS RUSSIAN ACTRESS
DEAD: PRINCESS BARIATINSKY.



A GERMAN GENERAL DEAD:
FIELD-MARSHAL VON BÜLOW.

The third match—the Doubles—of the challenge round for the Davis Cup resulted in a victory for Mr. R. N. Williams and Mr. W. Washburn (United States). As the United States had previously won the two matches in the singles, this victory gave them the Cup.—According to a telegram from Calicut, the Moplah fanatics in Malabar entered the Pullengode estate and beheaded Mr. Eaton, who was in his bungalow. Mrs. Eaton had made her escape a few days previously.—Our photograph of the Prime Minister and the house party at Blair Castle shows (l. to r.) front row: Lady Ramsay, Mrs. Clerk Rattray, Duchess of Atholl, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, Lord Dunedin, the Duke of Atholl, Lady Dorothea Ruggles

Brise. Second row: Miss McCallum, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Arbuthnot, Sir Montagu Ramsay, Lady Helen Tod, Sir Montagu Barlow. Back row: Mr. Hamish Paterson, Lady Charlotte Rous, Major Cowan, Lord Riddell, Captain Gregor Dixon, Colonel Clerk Rattray, and (next but one) Master Ivo McCallum—Princess Bariatsky, the celebrated Russian actress, was known to British audiences as Lydia Yavorska. She made her London début in 1909 in "La Dame aux Camélias," but her chief London success was in "Anna Karenina," an adaptation of Tolstoy's novel, written by Mr. John Pollock, who afterwards became her husband.

The Premier Looking Careworn in Scotland: A Holiday Punctuated by Cabinet Meetings.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE ON HOLIDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE PRIME MINISTER'S WELCOME ON ARRIVAL AT GAIRLOCH, WHERE HE SPOKE FROM HIS CAR.

The Prime Minister was not able entirely to throw off the anxieties of State during his holiday in the Highlands, for the urgency of the Irish question necessitated the holding of a Cabinet Meeting at Inverness on September 7, to discuss Mr. de Valera's latest reply to the Government proposals. It is hardly

surprising, therefore, that in our photograph Mr. Lloyd George looks somewhat careworn. It was taken on his arrival, by motor-car, with Mrs. Lloyd George and Lord Riddell, at Flowerdale, Gairloch, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's seat in Ross-shire. The Premier replied to an address in a short speech from his car.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.

Urging "Revolution by Evolution": The President of the Trade Union Congress.

THE TRADE UNION CONGRESS AT CARDIFF: THE PRESIDENT, MR. E. B. POULTON, IN THE CHAIR AT THE OPENING SESSION.

Mr. E. B. Poulton, the President of the Trade Union Congress, took a temperate view of the prospects of Labour in his presidential address at the opening session on September 5. He advocated a policy of "revolution by evolution," rather than by violence, and urged the need of unity and discipline in the Trade Union ranks. At the same time he strongly condemned the present social system, especially "the disgraceful spectacle of millions of people lacking employment,

concurrently with the world's crying need for more and more goods to supply only the barest necessities of life." Mr. Poulton recalled the fact that when the last Congress was held at Cardiff 26 years ago, there were about 330 delegates, representing 170 unions, with a membership of one million, whereas this time there were 823 delegates, representing 212 unions, with a membership of nearly six and a-half millions.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY L.N.A.]

SOUTHERN INDIANS NOW IN REVOLT: MOPLAHS IN THEIR CHIEF TOWN.



RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY BRITISH TROOPS DURING THE RISING IN MALABAR: MALAPURAM ON THE YEARLY FESTIVAL DAY—A TYPICAL MOPLAH CROWD IN THE OLD BAZAAR, WITH NATIVE POLICE IN WHITE IN THE FOREGROUND.

The riots in Malabar were reported recently to be subsiding, while troops were clearing the country and most of the missing Europeans had arrived safely at Calicut. Meantime, however, serious disturbances broke out at Madras. Describing the engagement between the British forces and the Moplah rebels on August 26, the India Office stated: "The rebels attempted to ambush the Calicut column marching to Malapuram, between Kondotti and Malapuram. They attacked from front, rear and flanks, and were dispersed after four hours' hand-to-hand fighting.

Three officers of the Calicut column were wounded, in addition to the casualties already reported. There has been no further opposition, and Malapuram has since been quiet. . . . The movable columns from Calicut and Kattipuram were both at Malapuram on August 28." Malapuram is the headquarters of the Moplah sect in Malabar. Our photograph shows the old bazaar crowded during the yearly festival. The white figures in the foreground are native police. Large umbrellas of European make, it will be noted, are used to keep off the sun.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

WHEN Goldsmith stepped outside his province to write (for eight hundred guineas) those eight volumes of capable hack-work, "The Earth and Animated Nature," Dr. Johnson prophesied that Goldy would make it "as entertaining as a Persian tale," and, in Professor Masson's opinion, "the prophecy was fulfilled." Although it is the charm of style alone that gives the "Animated Nature" any life it may still possess, that virtue is entirely compatible with strict science. It has always been the good fortune of natural history to inspire literature, and the tradition holds good in the present age of advanced knowledge. "As pleasant as a Persian tale" applies no less to Goldsmith's second-hand compilation than to the patient first-hand notes of his great contemporary, Gilbert White of Selborne. It applies also to those present-day natural historians—a goodly company—men of pure science who are also exquisite writers; such as, to name no others, Fabre and J. Arthur Thomson. This latter day, too, has seen, like Goldsmith's age, a poet and dramatist turned naturalist. But luckily Maeterlinck was not forced to write any hack's compendium when he mated science with romance and poetry in "The Life of the Bee," and achieved one of the greater small classics of nature-study.

The shelf of choice little books on natural history has just been enriched by the appearance of a handful of short papers, the by-work of an author whose reputation rests on his studies in social philosophy. All his life he was an observer of nature, and carried out experiments in the habits and intelligence of animals, upon which he made a large collection of careful notes still awaiting publication; but from time to time he contributed to various periodicals papers on his researches. These have now been edited and reissued under the title of "A PHILOSOPHER WITH NATURE," by Benjamin Kidd (Methuen; 6s.), a little volume that will find innumerable readers who would not be attracted by "Social Evolution" and its companions. Although natural history was not primarily the late Benjamin Kidd's "subject," his grasp of it was so firm and his manner of writing about it so charming that some may be tempted to ask whether he ought not to have given to nature what he gave to sociology. Be that as it may, these fragments must give him a little niche with those students of nature who attract the non-scientific reader by the pure beauty of their literary expression.

In the first of two papers on "Wild Bird Life in the Severn Estuary," the author takes us to those mud flats, "where no human foot can travel, where no shot gun can carry, and where the wild sea-fowl find one of the greatest natural bird sanctuaries which still remain to them in Great Britain." It is early morning, the night-feeding birds which have followed the retreating tide are still scattered upon the flats in large numbers, and the eye soon begins to distinguish the masses of black and white plumage and the specks of grey upon the brown expanse. Here are the great shelducks, the little merry dunlins, oyster-catchers, and now a flight of ring dotterel skims low. As the sheldrake stands before his mate with other birds of his kind, the "excited pump-handle movement of the head and neck accompanied by a continued protesting and haranguing series of notes which has evidently its exact emotional significance," suggests that "many of the currently received theories of the origin of language will be revised when we are wiser." The most primitive language is undoubtedly a language of

the emotions, but this is not confined to members of the same species; it is, among birds at least, a kind of *lingua franca*, understood even by widely different species. "Signs and sounds with which one has been familiar elsewhere are interpreted in their wild haunts by their own

declamations of South African negroes under the influence of narcotics, when it was the sounds and not the words that conveyed to the listener the intense emotion of the speaker." So, too, of the cries and signs of mallards and curlews: "they are thrills and utterances which reach the depths of primitive emotion. They are declamations, intonations, cadences, incantations . . . capable of powerfully and instantly reproducing corresponding states and shades of intense feeling in those affected by them."

A delightful chapter on the birds of London brings us more familiar with the sparrow, and records an experiment to break the old Adam in a partially domesticated street-arab cat. Mr. Kidd tried to cure him of sparrow-hunting, but blandishments and a stick were alike vain—

Someone sat in the room with him and a young tame sparrow for four hours, scarcely taking eyes off him. . . . He feared the stick, but he meant to have the sparrow—and he had it, under our eyes. . . . I do not think that any power could curb the lust for sparrow-killing in that grey, blinking creature on the wall.

These extracts indicate the quality of the book—philosophy touched with a delicious humour, as in the hint (drawn from the multitude of derelict corks on the Severn mud-flats) that we ourselves are living in the Great Bottle Age; the age—

when universal man drank things out of bottles and strewed the earth with the shards thereof and the ocean itself with the corks.

And "A Midsummer Night," the record of a walk towards London from a point twenty miles due south, is science distilled into poetry as pure as Keats's summer nocturne.

Benjamin Kidd, in his communion with nature, realised the "soul-life" of Richard Jefferies' longing.

Less philosophic, but equally well observed, is another new book of nature-studies, "THE WANDERINGS OF A NATURALIST," by Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. (Cassell; 15s.), a book that gains in zest, if one has the present reviewer's good fortune to read it within sight of those Deeside mountains where the author finds so much of his material. Here, however, he goes beyond his native borders, to the Western Highlands, the Hebrides, Lindisfarne, and south to the Pyrenees, to observe bird and beast and plant, to photograph shy living things, and to make pen pictures no less faithful. Mr. Seton Gordon has also an excellent sense of scenery and of atmosphere. Here is one of his vignettes from "Cairn Toul: An Arctic Climb"—

Beside the Pools of Dee, at the summit of the Lairig, the sun shone brightly and the ridge of Sron na Lairige was also sun-bathed. The River Dee was low this day, for the frost had imprisoned many of the smaller springs. Its hurrying waters, clear as crystal, were easily forded just where the lonely bothy of Corroun stands, as it were, sentinel over the Lairig. From here is a fine view of Ben MacDhùil. . . . To-day the hill was buried beneath a very heavy fall of snow. At the top of Coire nan Taillair a great cornice hung, and the track of a small avalanche could be seen where, having broken from the cornice, the snow had rolled down into the corrie beneath. A thin mist half-veiled the top, but the cloud was so transparent that beyond it the sun could be seen shining on the great expanse of unbroken snow.

Mr. Seton Gordon's pen and camera reveal secrets of nature on the high tops at times and seasons when few, if any, other mountaineers break tracks there. His latest book is worthy of its forerunners.



FOUND UNDER OLD LONDON BRIDGE IN 1824: A SILVER STATUETTE OF HARPOCRATES (HORUS), A ROMANISED EGYPTIAN GOD.

There is no evidence that the Romans ever tried to bridge the Thames, but when old London Bridge was excavated in 1824 this remarkably interesting statuette, now in the British Museum, was discovered. Harpocrates (that is, Hor, the Child) was the Greek name of the Egyptian sun-god, Horus, who was later worshipped also at Rome. His symbol is the winged sun-disc, and he was represented as flying like a hawk, or as seated on a lotus flower with finger in mouth.

By courtesy of the British Museum.

kind and by other birds for values which are evidently well understood." The rising and falling emotion reminds the writer of "the



STOLEN BY THE GERMANS IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR AND LEFT BY THEM IN A BELGIAN CHÂTEAU: RELICS OF NAPOLEON'S GRAVE IN ST. HELENA EXHUMED THERE IN 1840.

These Napoleonic relics were found in a Belgian château during the war, after the departure of some Germans who had occupied it. They carried away many things, but apparently overlooked the relics, which had evidently been stolen somewhere in France, and had originally been brought from St. Helena by someone who assisted at the exhumation of Napoleon's coffin in 1840. The Belgian lady to whom the château belongs published the photograph with a view to finding their owner. They include: (1) A piece of the pall; (2) A stone from the tomb; (3) Fragments of wood from the coffin; and (4 and 5) Two leaves of weeping willow.

INCLUDING THE SCENE OF "MARMION": CASTLES FOR THE STATE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRITH, HYAM (MONMOUTH), AND VALENTINE.



OFFERED TO THE STATE, ALONG WITH HISTORIC CASTLES:
AN EARLY NORMAN CHURCH AT ALBURY, IN SURREY.



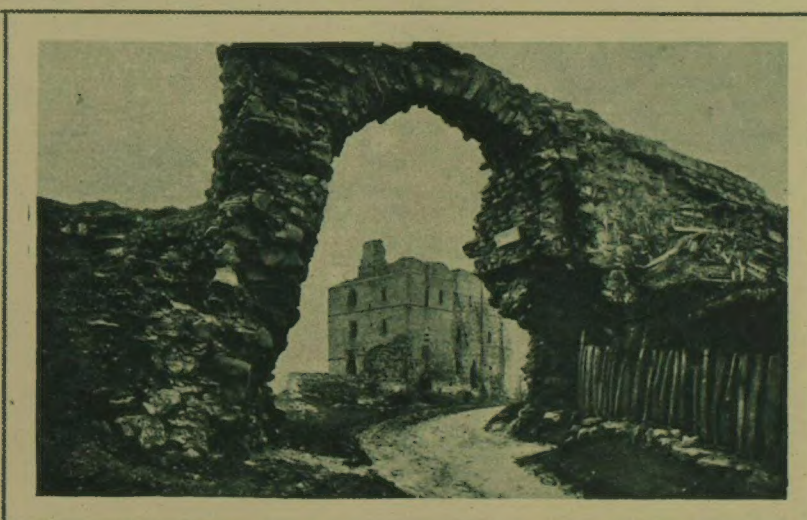
OF THE KEEP-LESS TYPE, AND REMARKABLE FOR THE GREAT
STRENGTH OF ITS ENTRANCE: WHITE CASTLE, MONMOUTHSHIRE.



FAMOUS IN HISTORY FOR THE IMPRISONMENT AND ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS: LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.



BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, AND NOW OWNED BY THE
DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH: HERMITAGE CASTLE, ROXBURGHSHIRE.



THE "CASTLED STEEP" OF "MARMION": NORHAM CASTLE, THE
TWELFTH-CENTURY STRONGHOLD OF THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM.

As mentioned on our double page, where others are illustrated, a number of historic old buildings, mostly ruined castles, have been recently offered by their owners to the State through the Office of Works. One of them, the Norman church at Albury, stands in Albury Park, near Guildford. White Castle, in Monmouthshire, is an ancient fortalice, without a keep, once an important military post in a commanding position equidistant from Monmouth and Abergavenny. It had a very strong entrance between two great mural towers. Loch Leven Castle

stands on an island in the lake. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned there in 1567-68. Hermitage Castle, on Hermitage Water, a tributary of Liddel Water, Roxburghshire, is one of the oldest baronial buildings in Scotland, with the largest and best preserved fortalice on the Border. Norham Castle is famous as the opening scene of Scott's "Marmion," which begins: "Day set on Norham's castled steep." An interesting account of the historical Marmion's adventure at Norham is given in Morris and Jordan's "Local History and Antiquities."

ANTIQUARIAN "WHITE ELEPHANTS": HISTORIC CASTLES AND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VALENTINE, GRIFFIN (DORCHESTER),



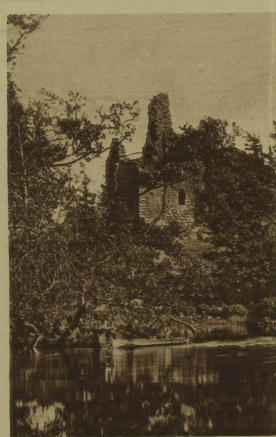
A TWELFTH-CENTURY RUIN OFFERED TO THE STATE BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM: HELMSLEY CASTLE, YORKSHIRE.



AN INTERESTING DORSETSHIRE RELIC: ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL, ABBOTSBURY. AN ANCIENT BUILDING HITHERTO OWNED BY LORD ILCHESTER.



BUILT BY NORMAN MONKS IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY AT THE SUGGESTION OF KING STEPHEN: FURNESS ABBEY, A FAMOUS LANCASHIRE RUIN.



A TWELFTH-CENTURY BENEDICTINE FOUNDATION: KIRKCUDBRIGHT ABBEY, LINCLUDEN ABBEY, KIRKCUDBRIGHTSHIRE.



BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: HUNTLY (OR STRATHBOGIE) CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, OWNED BY THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

ABBEYS OFFERED TO THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE STATE.

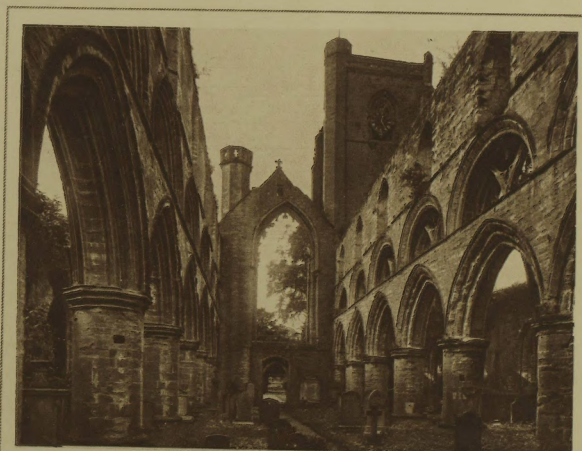
CLARKE AND SON, BENTLEY, AND FRITH.



BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: HUNTLY (OR STRATHBOGIE) CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, OWNED BY THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.



THE ORIGINAL SEAT OF THE EARLS AND MARQUESSES OF HUNTLY: RUINS OF HUNTLY (OR STRATHBOGIE) CASTLE—ANOTHER VIEW.



WHERE THE PICTISH KING CONSTANTIN FOUNDED A CHURCH AND BISHOPRIC IN 815: DUNKELD ABBEY, NEAR PERTH, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF ATHOLL.

Private owners of ruined castles and other ancient buildings, whereon the hand of Time has wrought "to make old barren picturesque, and tuft with grass a feudal tower," have been hard put to it in these costly days to preserve the venerable relics that have passed into their possession. A white elephant is an expensive pet, however fond one may be of animals. In consequence, the Office of Works has received from their respective owners offers to hand over to the State quite a large number of historic buildings. Eleven of the most important are illustrated here and on another page in this number. Helmsley Castle, in Yorkshire, with its early rectangular keep, dates from the twelfth century. St. Catherine's Chapel at Abbotsbury, in Dorset, stands on the top of a steep hill. Huntly (or Strathbogie) Castle is near Huntly, at the confluence of the Rivers

Bogie and Deveron, about forty miles from Aberdeen. It was the original seat of the Earls and Marquesses of Huntly. Furness Abbey is near Barrow, in Lancashire, and the Corporation has offered to assist in preserving it if the Office of Works takes it over. It was built by Norman monks in the twelfth century, at the suggestion of King Stephen. Lincluden Abbey is in the parish of Terregles, near Dumfries. It was founded in the twelfth century by Uchtred, Lord of Galloway, as a convent for Benedictine monks. Dunkeld, in Perthshire, is said to owe its name (interpreted as "fort of the Kalde' or Culdees") to the fact that in 815 Constantine, King of the Picts, founded there a Culdee church and bishopric. Among its bishops was Gawin Douglas, who translated Virgil's *Aeneid*.



The World of the Theatre



By J. T. GREIN.

FUTILITY! It is a holiday contemplation. When you sit by the sea and glance at the vast expanse; or when you are perched high up in the mountain land with a colossus of a peak staring at you unceasingly with grim contempt; when at your feet deep down flows a lake of azure in unruffled evenness of tide—it is then, far away from home and occupation, that you begin to ponder over the futility of ambition, lustre, and fame. Somehow Nature seems to speak to you in exhortation, and makes you feel small—oh, so small!—when, in the rocking of *dolce far niente*, you begin to think of your own attempt to conquer a place in the sun and of others who fancy that they are in it already, that they are little gods, and that there is only one world that matters—your world, their world, where all seems to glitter (although it often is not gold), where you walk erect, a giant (of your own fancy) among groundlings, where you are something, somebody—It.



THE BARRIE REVIVAL AT THE HAYMARKET: MISS FAY COMPTON AS PHOEBE THROSSEL, THE HEROINE OF "QUALITY STREET," STUDYING ALGEBRA.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

And Nature in its dumb harangue impresses you with the futility of it all. What does it matter whether a play succeeds or fails? What does it matter what you pontificate, in austerity or clemency, as the case may be, of criticism? What does it matter whether you are "among those present," whether you are *en evidence* or absent, whether between four walls they shout themselves hoarse in admiration of the actor or acclaim him (which they shouldn't) in the middle of a play? What does it matter whether the fashionable actor or any person in the public limelight is a kinglet among men; or whether the little chorus girl, who reads nothing except "pars," cares for nothing except the square mile round the theatre, believes that this is life, the pinnacle of the universe?

Nature does not even trouble to mock at all that; it simply and sublimely ignores it. It does not exist, it is merely the inflation of the human frog as described in the fable, and it makes you feel, oh, so small—so small, so humble! And imperceptibly your energy, your ambition, your thirst of achievement is lulled to sleep, and you would give years of your life and all the world if you could but continue to vegetate in

this anæsthesia which dims all the vanities of public life, and removes London and all the mammoth cities to a distant planet, where people are very foolish and peg away at blowing bubbles and building castles in the air.

As a very gifted colleague—a musical critic who passes his summer in a chalet in Switzerland, high above the Lake of Thun, with the towering Niesen and the snow-capped Jungfrau and Eiger gently veiled on the horizon—said: "I cannot put a word to paper here. What is the good of writing essays when that huge Cyclops over there sneers at me and seems to jeer: 'What would'st thou, poor dwarf, with thy futile little instrument? Who hears or listens to the croaking and crackling of thy pen? Who cares whether thou layest down the law? Thou art mistaken, and what thou createst is merely ephemeral; while I, in my lone altitude and dumbness, harness clouds and sunrays, thunder and lightnings. Avaunt, thou pigmy!'"

And so we sat and mused with the great philosopher of the pavement: "What's the good of anything? Why, nuffing." But then came a schoolmaster, he who in our little village Eden moulded brains and bodies; and when we poured out to him the phials of self-belittlement, he struck the consoling note. "You are wrong," he said. "This philosophy of futility is merely reactionary; it is the distension of your nerves, of a strain upon your efforts. After a while you will be thankful for this little period of mental sackcloth and ashes. When you return to town you will wake up to the thought that your life breeds agility of mind; whereas here, in the mountains, is bred that very futility of which you complain. See," he continued, "when I have worked here for some ten months of the year I feel that I am growing into a human mushroom, that I am as empty as a rattle, that I begin to hold this Nature that looks down upon me with mute contempt in hatred; for I have been for endless days in the musty atmosphere of these people around me, with their petty views, their petty brains, their petty cares, their petty prattle—striplings one and all of the mountains that breed sterility. I feel that this aloofness from the maelstrom of life dwarfs intellect, imagination, enterprise. Look at the people around, lend your ear, behold them in their doings, and soon you will cry out, as I cry out, in a wilderness of despair, 'And they call this Life!'" Was

it for this Providence has given us brains and energy? Why, it is not only in their everyday existence that one feels this emptiness; it is in their very papers, their books, in their Government ordainments and squabbles. Man is small



THE LOVERS IN "QUALITY STREET": CAPTAIN BROWN (MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE) MISTAKES PHOEBE (MISS FAY COMPTON) FOR HER NIECE, LIVVY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

enough, in all conscience. But here he becomes a molecule in a microcosm, without individuality, without aspiration, without effort to lift the soul beyond the slough of the vacuum. And so," he concluded, "I am packing my traps and will fly to the great cities, from Brussels and Paris to London. I will breathe their intellectual air into my nostrils. I will see life, I will see things, I will hear people, I will gather ideas—ideas great, small, foolish, faddy, futile, but IDEAS, so that I can come back home and, in defiance of the mountain giants that would dumbfound me, drive some enlightenment into the little skulls whom it is my business to equip for life, unboundaried by the Chinese wall that hems them in."

Our schoolmaster's words were as balm to our souls; we regained some of our self-appreciation. We saw things in their right proportion. Thank goodness, this was but a transitory state—the holiday mood—which is a spring-cleaning of our human dwelling! These things, so futile in the mirror of Nature, are the condiment of life. They have their ludicrous aspect as well as their stimulating one. For, after all, to do something, however small, in the revolutions of the intellectual wheel of the world is to be a live unit in this mystery which we call life, instead of an automaton overawed by Nature and content to let things go as they will.

Hurrah! I am glad to be back in London, with its futile theatres to which I may devote my futile articles: for I feel alive, and, thanks to the mountains, the joy of living flares high up within me!



"LADIES, HAVE PITY ON A DULL MAN, AND EXPLAIN": (L. TO R.) MISS FAY COMPTON AS PHOEBE THROSSEL, MISS MURIEL ALEXANDER AS FANNY WILLOUGHBY, MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS VALENTINE BROWN, MISS NANCY KENYON AS HENRIETTA TURNBULL, AND MISS MARY JERROLD AS SUSAN THROSSEL, IN "QUALITY STREET," AT THE HAYMARKET.

The photograph illustrates the scene in Act IV. of Sir James Barrie's "Quality Street" (recently revived at the Haymarket), where Miss Fanny Willoughby and Miss Henrietta Turnbull call on the sisters Susan and Phoebe Throssel, to enquire after their niece, Miss Livvy, supposed to be ill in the next room.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]

THE BEST KNOWN OF ALL FEMININE FILM STARS.



"RELEASED" NEXT WEEK, IN "SUDS": MISS MARY PICKFORD, "THE WORLD'S SWEETHEART,"
IN THE FILM VERSION OF "OP O' MY THUMB."

Picture-goers will see Miss Mary Pickford next week in a type of character quite unusual for her. On Monday next, September 12, the film "Suds," in which she plays the heroine, will be "released" for exhibition in the cinemas of Great Britain. It has already been exhibited in America. The film is based on "Op o' My Thumb," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, which was produced as

a "curtain-raiser" at the St. James's Theatre in 1904, when Miss Sydney Fairbrother made an enormous hit in the part of Amanda Afflick, played in the film version by Mary Pickford. In a recent interview Miss Pickford described it as her favourite character. It will be interesting to see whether the public will consider it her best, and thus relegate Pollyana to second place in their affections.

"Paddy": A Dog Hero of the Great War.

By CAPTAIN R. S. GWATKIN-WILLIAMS.

WHO called him Paddy, I do not know. There was nothing noticeably Irish about him, either in appearance or in character. The ship, however, was blessed with an Irish name, and there was a liberal sprinkling of Irishmen among her crew. Perhaps it was one of the latter who became the dog's sponsor, and caused St. Patrick to become his patron saint. However that may be, as the sequel will show, a happier choice could not have been made.

It was in the autumn of 1915 that Paddy first walked, or rather swam, into this story. H.M.S. *Tara*, a small armed boarding steamer, was then lying at Alexandria, being engaged on the patrol of the North Egyptian coast. Some of her crew happened to notice a little white dog paddling about the harbour, and sailor-like, they at once annexed him. The first impression of his salvors was that they had acquired a fox terrier—the animal's smooth white coat, dappled with occasional blotches of black and ochre, lending colour to this surmise. A second glance, however, caused the salvors to modify their diagnosis as to his genealogy, for, besides the ordinary terrier characteristics, they found their prize to be possessed of others more usual in the pug family—to wit, a snub nose, bulging eyes, and a plump and rounded contour.

Not of noble lineage he: nought but a poor shipwrecked waif of indefinite parentage. "Kind hearts," however, being "more than coronets," the men took him for what he was worth, and as he appeared to be a very amiable fellow, he was at once installed as part complement of H.M.S. *Tara*, and his education as "ship's dog" commenced.

It was about a fortnight later that the *Tara* was torpedoed in the Gulf of Sollum. Up till that time, I had not taken much notice of Paddy, for part of the education of ships' dogs is of a democratic nature, and they are taught to bark at all officers, and more especially at the Captain—a post which I at that time filled. The ship's torpedoing, however, drew my attention to this democrat, for my first recollection on regaining the surface after being sucked down with the ship, was of a white dog splashing and cavorting around, evidently thoroughly enjoying himself. It was Paddy. No thought of disaster, of calamity, ever entered his brain. To him, the world was always the "best possible," and, from his point of view, the sinking of the ship was but another interposition of a kindly providence on his behalf, to give him a refreshing bathe on a hot and sultry day. A shark's fin, however, showing up, we hurriedly pulled the fatuous optimist on to a piece of wreckage, and awaited the arrival of the boats.

That evening, the *Tara's* survivors were landed by the submarine at her secret base on the coast of Cyrenaica. There we became the prisoners of the Senussi, and by them we were marched for three weeks into the interior, across that stony hell, the Red Desert of Libya, situate west of Egypt. For five months in all, five score unhappy British sailors remained the slaves of the Senussi, that most ascetic and fanatical of all Moslem fraternities. In squalor and misery, in isolation, thirst, and starvation, in torture and degradation both physical and mental, the sailors fought manfully against their fate. Daily they became weaker from hunger, disease, and exposure, their food but a handful of rice or barley flour, eked out where possible by roots and the white desert snails.

But among us there was one who, in spite of all privations, never lost heart; one who was always gay and debonnaire, and whose bright and buoyant nature cheered the most despondent. It was Paddy.

Through those long arid marches, marches during which men dropped and fell insensible until roused again by cruel blows, there was one who always showed us the way to take things. It was Paddy, who could cause the filmed eyes of dead-beat men to see, their frothing lips to relax into a reluctant smile. None but he

eaten. Even the weakest of us knew, twist the fact as hunger might compel them to do, that Paddy alive was worth far more than that, and that his living spirit and example strengthened and fortified a hundred men who had otherwise despaired and died.

Thus Paddy continued to live on amongst us, and each of us, as best we could, gave him an infinitesimal supply from our own small ration. So small a portion was it, that individually we did not miss it. But, lumped together, those microscopic morsels from a hundred men made ample sustenance for one small dog.

Dawned at last St. Patrick's Day, the feast day of Paddy's patron saint. The last of our food was nearly gone, and the most sanguine of us could hope for but one more week's continuance of life. We were in the midst of a pitiless desert, surrounded by pitiless savages, the nearest food a hundred and thirty miles off, and most of us so weak that we could barely crawl about.

But the sighing of the prisoners had been heard, and salvation was nearer than we had believed. Chariots of fire came down from on high, and suddenly out of the mirage, out of the blank rim of the desert horizon, we saw a host of motor cars rushing towards us. A moment later, their machine-guns barked and snapped, and—we were free!

When we left a few minutes later with the Duke of Westminster's cars, Paddy was not forgotten. But when the *Tara's* crew returned to their own vocation, the sea, Paddy remained behind on shore, and became the honoured friend and mascot of the Light Armoured Cars. With them he remained for four happy months. Alas that I must end here! There came on the scene a new body of troops who knew not Paddy. Because of hydrophobia, these troops had strict orders that all "stray" dogs should be shot. Paddy, bounding about in innocent joy, attracted the attention of one of these newcomers then on sentry-go. A shot rang out, and Paddy dropped, never to rise again. His end was painless, and he, who knew only courage and good cheer, passed into the Beyond as happily and as fearlessly as he had lived.

The grief of the men of the armoured cars was great. Gently they raised and brought in the still, white body. They could not bring their faithful servitor back to life, but they honoured his memory by a military funeral, and erected a cross above him like to those which whiten the shell-scarred plains of Flanders, and

make of alien soil "that which is for ever England."

Upon the upright of the cross is inscribed: "In memory of Paddy. Rescued by the D. of W.'s Light Armoured Cars. Died 30-7-16." Upon the arms of the cross is written: "Survived two wrecks. Found with *Tara* survivors."

It is at Matruh that Paddy lies, and it was at Matruh that the British forces stemmed the Senussi rush on Egypt during the critical winter of 1915-16, when already the fanatic hordes were more than half-way through to Alexandria. Matruh is symbolical of staunchness and courage. No better spot could have been found for the last resting-place of this humble friend of Britain. There he looks out northward across the blue Mediterranean, the kindly sea from which he first swam into our ken.

Farewell, dear doggie. I could wish no better ending for thee, and, in the land to which thou art gone, mayest thou cheer the hearts of those who are gone Westward with thee, even as thou didst those in the land of the living!



A DOG BURIED WITH MILITARY HONOURS IN EGYPT DURING THE WAR: THE GRAVE OF PADDY, TORPEDOED IN THE "TARA," PRISONER OF THE SENUSSI, AND AFTERWARDS MASCOT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ARMoured CARS.

could cause those thirst-tortured souls to forget for a moment their agony, and laugh light-heartedly like children at canine frolics and gambols.

Whatever his ancestry, Paddy was a Briton heart and soul, and at night he lay close to his compatriots. No bribe of food or water, no cajolement or friendly word from black men, had any effect on him, or abated his hostility towards coloured folk in general. While we slumbered, Paddy watched, and full oft a pilfering Arab, intent on filching our meagre stock of brushwood, had cause to rue his sharp teeth. Even these blackamoors learned to respect Paddy's faithfulness to the race of his adoption.

The dreadful weeks dragged by, the rations became shorter and shorter. Four sailors died from starvation, and the rest had become but half-naked, sun-baked skeletons, long-haired, long-bearded, clad in verminous rags. Who can blame such desperate men if some among their number cast hungry eyes at the sleek fox-terrier-pug? His dead body, in truth, would have made a meal for half-a-dozen men. But Paddy was not



A DWELLER ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS: THE EAGLE.

BY CHARLES WHYMPER, R.I.

(Recently shown at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours' Exhibition. Copyright Strictly Reserved.)

BERLIN'S ANSWER TO MONARCHIST INTRIGUES: ITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL



A GREAT RALLY TO THE REPUBLICAN FLAG IN BERLIN: THE HUGE CROWD

A great demonstration took place in the Lustgarten in Berlin on August 31, a few days after the murder of Herr Erzberger, to condemn that crime and to support the German Republic against Monarchist reaction. The crowd was the largest on record, and was remarkable for its orderliness and unanimity. All sections of public opinion—the Centre Party, the Democrats, and even the Communists—joined the Socialists on this occasion, and the blue, yellow and red Republican flag was almost as much in evidence as the red flag of Socialism. Usually it is seldom seen, and its prevalence showed that it is becoming regarded as a symbol worth fighting for. Many processions converged into the vast assemblage, and the call of a bugle numerous speakers began to harangue the crowd from steps, parapets, plinths, or improvised platform.

GREATEST REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATION ON RECORD.

FEHNSTADT, BERLIN.



OF DEMONSTRATORS GATHERED BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE ON AUGUST 31.

Another bugle call was the signal for reading a strongly worded resolution in favour of maintaining the Republic, which was greeted with a roar of acclamation. Our photograph shows on the left the National Monument and on the right the Palace. The German Government took further measures against the anti-Republicans by forbidding the wearing of military uniform, except by the Reichswehr or under special permission. They also temporarily suspended a number of reactionary newspapers. The usual Nationalist celebrations on the anniversary of Sedan (September 2) were prohibited. The Chancellor, Dr. Wirth, said in a speech on that day that, if civil war arose in Germany, he would be on the side of the working man. The ~~act~~ is caused strained relations between the Berlin Government and Bavaria, where there are elements threatening the Republican Constitution.



THE SHADOW OF HUNGER.

Although this picture is allegorical, it will be noted that the shadow is that of Rodin's "Burghers of Calais," seen against the House of Lords.
FROM THE ACADEMY PICTURE BY BLAMIRE YOUNG. (COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

SPAIN'S DESTINY AT STAKE IN MOROCCO: FIGHTING ROUND MELILLA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRENSA ESPAÑOLA.



CONSTRUCTING A BLOCKHOUSE WITH BARBED WIRE FENCING: A SPANISH OUTPOST ON THE MAIN ROAD TO MELILLA.



THE OPENING STAGES OF THE BIG BATTLE OUTSIDE MELILLA, IN WHICH THE MOORISH TRIBESMEN WERE AT FIRST BEATEN BACK: SPANISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION.



DURING A PERIOD IN THE BATTLE WHEN THE MOORISH REBELS SUFFERED SEVERELY: THE BOMBARDMENT OF FRAJANA Y BENISICAR.



OBSERVING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE ENEMY: GENERAL BERENGUER, COMMANDING THE SPANISH FORCES OUTSIDE MELILLA.



ISSUING ORDERS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FRAJANA Y BENISICAR: GENERAL CAVALCANTI, COMMANDING THE SPANISH FORCES.

The situation in Morocco, where Spain is fighting the rebel Riff tribesmen, is very grave. Following a success in which a Spanish force in the neighbourhood of Melilla—composed, according to Reuters, of 10,000 infantry, 13 batteries of artillery, and cavalry, supported by many aeroplanes, Tanks, and armoured cars—encountered a force of tribesmen estimated to be six to eight thousand strong, a disaster has occurred outside Melilla where the Spaniards are now besieged. A

Spanish armoured car convoy was ambushed and a battle raged from eight in the morning until nightfall, the Spanish forces being eventually driven back into the city. The Riffs attacked the blockhouses and managed to blow up some of these with dynamite. Meanwhile a reinforced army, with guns, aircraft, and armoured cars, is reported to be concentrating at Melilla for a further Spanish offensive, and there is every indication that Spain is about to make a big effort.

GUNMEN AND ARMoured CARS IN BELFAST: WAYFARERS UNDER FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND TOPICAL.



A "STATE OF WAR" IN BELFAST'S PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE: AN ARMoured CAR ON DUTY IN ROYAL AVENUE DURING THE RECENT DISTURBANCES.



FACTION FIGHTING WITH AN "AUDIENCE": RIOTERS AT A STREET CORNER IN BELFAST WATCHED BY SPECTATORS.



PEDESTRIANS UNDER FIRE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT IN THE HEART OF BELFAST: AN ALARMED CROWD RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE GUNMEN ALONG YORK STREET.

For several days recently Belfast was terrorised by gunmen and rioters, and frequent faction fights took place, resulting in the death of some fourteen people. At least sixty others were treated at the hospitals for bullet wounds. Armoured cars, manned by the police, patrolled the disturbed area, but with little effect, as the snipers posted at street corners and elsewhere merely retired at their approach, only to reappear shortly afterwards. Men and women on their way to work had to run the gauntlet of the gunmen, while others gathered to watch

the proceedings out of idle curiosity, stampeding at every shot, but coming back again in their eagerness to see what was afoot. Many casualties occurred among these spectators. On account of the Irish truce, the military were not used until August 31, when the situation got beyond the control of the police. Large forces of troops in armoured lorries were then drafted into the district, and order was restored. Trams which had been stopped resumed their services, and shops were able to reopen.

The Story of Nature's Bulk Storage—No. 6.



The Great Oil Age

Primitive man first used only the power behind his sinewy limbs. Then he learnt to harness the power of the horse, the ox and the stream. Thus he progressed. Through the stone age, the iron age, the coal age to the greatest era of all—the Great Oil Age.

For now at last man has learnt to use the tremendous latent energy of petroleum—that energy which has lain for countless ages in the bowels of the earth.

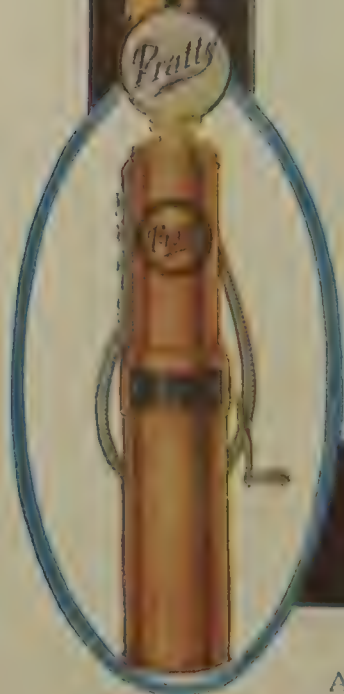
To-day the vast oilfields of the world are yielding a huge daily output to feed the mechanical servants of Modern Man.

There is a great deal of true romance in

PRATT'S "PERFECTION" SPIRIT

From the Golden Pump

In the Green Can

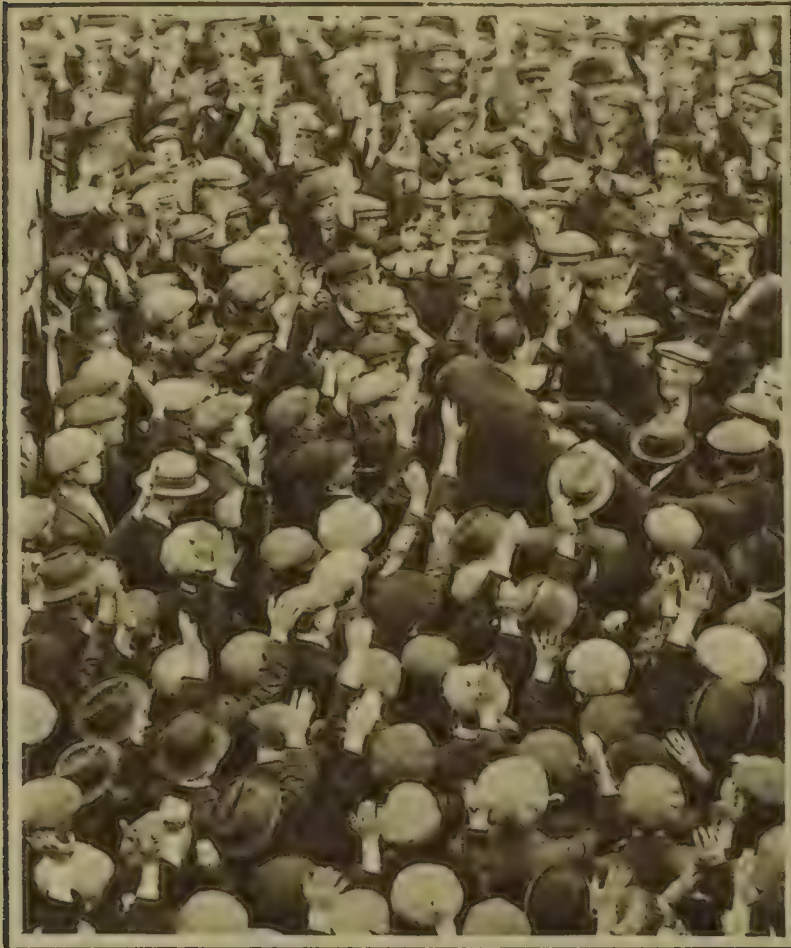


ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., 36, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

Branches and Depots Everywhere.

THE RATES AND DOLES PROBLEM: UNEMPLOYED; A COUNCIL IMPRISONED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL NEWS, TOPICAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



REJECTING THE SHOREDITCH GUARDIANS' OFFER BY A "SHOW OF HANDS": THE UNEMPLOYED OUTSIDE THE BOARD'S OFFICE.



MARCHING THROUGH SHOREDITCH TO ENDEAVOUR TO OBTAIN HIGHER RATES OF RELIEF: THE UNEMPLOYED ON THEIR WAY.



PREPARING FOR THEIR ARREST FOR FAILING TO LEVY RATES FOR THE L.C.C.: A FINAL MEETING OF THE POPLAR COUNCIL.

The unemployed throughout the country are endeavouring to put pressure on the local authorities to increase the scale of out-relief at present granted by the various Boards of Guardians. At Shoreditch the unemployed committee recommended the workless to accept the relief, at first refused, which the Guardians offered. This is at the rate of 15s. a week for each unemployed man and his wife, and 5s. for each dependent child. The unemployed deputation had asked

for 30s. a week for husband and wife, and 7s. 6d. for each child, rent to be paid up to 15s. a week, a weekly hundredweight of coal, and nourishment during illness. Meanwhile a number of the Councillors of Poplar have been arrested and taken to Brixton Prison for refusing to levy additional rates demanded by the London County Council and other authorities. One of them said that "the alternative is to leave 12,000 unemployed people to starve."

PEACE HATH HER CAMOUFLAGE—: THE VEILING OF EYE-SORES.



SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE GASOMETER AND CARDBOARD FACTORY WHICH SPOIL THE VIEW: THE HISTORIC LANDSCAPE SEEN FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN, NEAR PARIS.



THE PEACE USES OF CAMOUFLAGE: THE SAME VIEW FROM THE TERRACE OF ST. GERMAIN, SHOWING M. LOUIS FOREST'S DESIGN FOR CONCEALING THE GASOMETER AND FACTORY WITH TREES.

Peace hath her camouflage no less remarkable than war. The upper drawing shows the beautiful view from the stately Terrace of St. Germain overlooking Paris and the valley of the Seine. At night the lights of Paris are to be seen flickering beyond the fortress of Mont Valérien. By day the scenic grandeur is in keeping with the surroundings—the great forest of which the terrace forms the fringe; the neighbouring château where Louis XIV. was born and James II. of England died; the fine old palace where the Treaty with Austria was signed. Nowadays a gasometer and a cardboard factory in the valley

below mar the beauty of the spot. The art of camouflage, so useful during the war, is about to be used, it is reported, to restore the pristine charm of the scene. The idea originated with a Paris journalist, M. Louis Forest. Having studied camouflage in the war, he proposes to plant tall trees to hide the objectionable buildings, and, pending their upgrowth, to erect tall poles with suitable wire lattice screens painted green. His scheme, if adopted, will only cost a few thousand francs, and when completed the valley would appear as in the lower picture.

Scotland's Glory through the Ages.



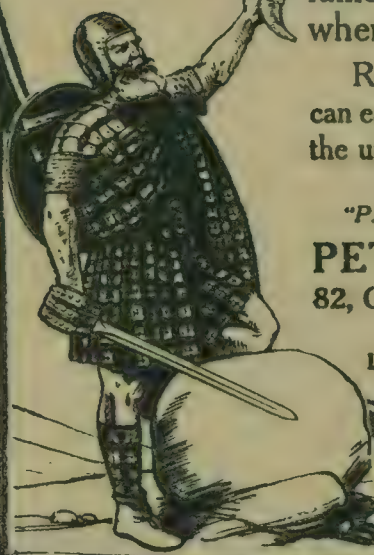
a brand of historic lineage.

THINGS made right endure. That is why all through the ages "P.D." Scotch has won fame for its individual flavour wherever it has travelled.

Regular supplies of "P.D." Scotch can easily be maintained without altering the unrivalled quality.

If anyone has difficulty in obtaining "P.D." SCOTCH, please communicate with

PETER DAWSON, Ltd,
82, Great Clyde Street, GLASGOW,
or with their London Office,
LION HOUSE, 29-30, Tower Hill, E.C.3



*Scott Monument.
Edinburgh.*



Hot Water Always Ready

HOT water at any hour of day or night, without any work or trouble, is ensured with a Gas Water-Heater. The supply may be so arranged as to be available anywhere in the house—in the bathroom or dressing-rooms, on the landings, in the kitchen, pantry, scullery or elsewhere. The apparatus acts quite independently of the kitchen range and means an enormous saving of work and a corresponding increase in comfort and convenience.

Write for Gas Economy Series III to the Secretary,

**THE BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS
ASSOCIATION**

30 GROSVENOR



GARDENS, S.W.1



BY APPOINTMENT.



The Chef's Success

may be attained by every housewife, who has in LEA & PERRINS' Sauce the means for converting the simplest meal into an appetizing repast.

Lea & Perrins'
THE
ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE
Sauce

GERMAN "GLIDERS"; FUNERALS; AND A HISTORIC TENNIS COURT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUGE, BERLINER BILD-BERICHT, SENNECKE, TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL



WITH WINGS LIKE A SEAGULL: A NEW GERMAN MOTOR-LESS FLYING MACHINE WHICH HAS MADE SUCCESSFUL TRIALS.



ANOTHER ENGINE-LESS MONOPLANE PHOTOGRAPHED IN FLIGHT: ONE OF GERMANY'S NEW "GLIDERS."



WITH BLACK FOREST GUARDS PRESENTING ARMS: THE FUNERAL OF HERR ERZBERGER, THE MURDERED GERMAN EX-MINISTER



AT THE FUNERAL OF SOME OF THE VICTIMS OF THE "R38," AT HULL: DISTINGUISHED MOURNERS.



BUILT AND PLAYED UPON BY HENRY VIII.: THE TENNIS COURT AT HAMPTON COURT, WHICH HAS BEEN REPAIRED FOR USE.



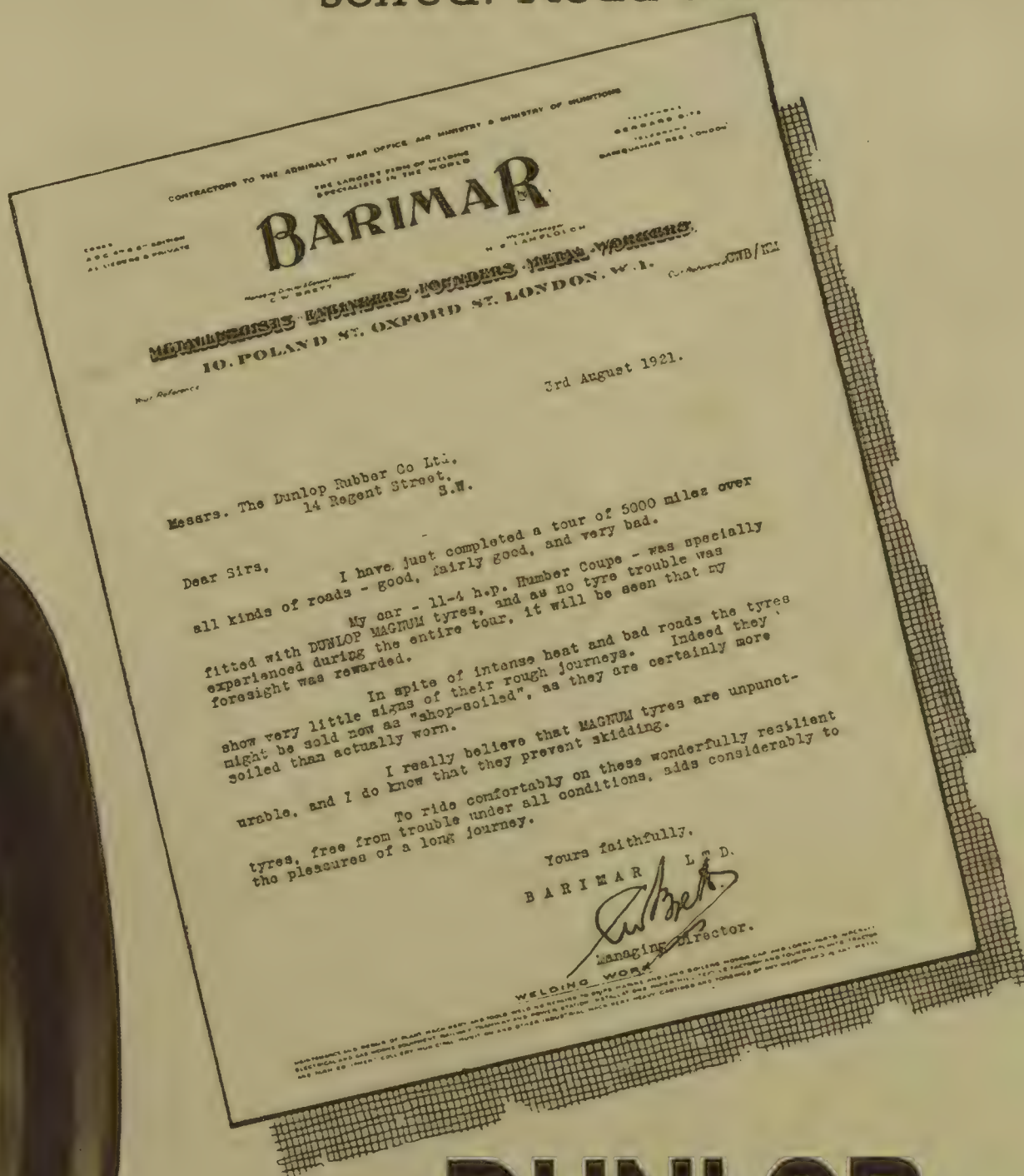
STILL USED AS A MODEL FOR ALL OTHER COURTS: THE INTERIOR OF HENRY THE EIGHTH'S TENNIS COURT AT HAMPTON COURT.

Germany is forbidden to fly, so she is learning to glide. The ban on the installation of engines in aeroplanes, imposed by the peace terms, has produced a new type of locomotion. German aeroplane-constructors have turned their attention to the development of aircraft with no engine propelling power, and they are producing substantial results. The gliders are of various types. One called the "Munich" has made the longest flight of five miles. It has no engine, propeller, under-carriage, wheels, or elevators. It possesses simply the fuselage and movable wings, operated by the pilot.—The funeral of Herr Erzberger, the German ex-Minister of Finance, who was murdered recently near Griesbach, in the Black Forest, took place on August 31, at Biberach. The German Chancellor and a number of Ministers and members of the Reichstag

were present.—Without any distinction of rank, five of the victims of the "R 38" have been buried in one grave in Hull Cemetery. Our photograph shows some of the distinguished mourners. Second Row (left to right): Lieut.-Gen. Sir I. Maxse (Army), Capt. Radcliffe (Navy), Sir Frederick Sykes, Sir H. Trenchard, Air-Vice-Marshal Vyvyan, and Lieut.-Commr. Byrd (U.S.A.).—The old tennis court built in the reign of Henry VIII., adjoining the Palace of Hampton Court, has just been repaired and will probably be reopened for play early next month. The court has been used as a model for all other courts. It has a floor of Norman stone, four and a-half inches thick, and with nine inches of concrete under that. The second photograph shows the old original monogram over the net and the grille.

"Dunlop Magnum for Long Mileage"

After a strenuous tour of 5,000 miles, a Humber owner testifies that his Dunlop Tyres "could be sold as shop-soiled." Read his letter:—



DUNLOP

TYRES OF THE
MAGNUM TYPE

are obtainable from all motor dealers

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE BIOLOGY OF WATER-WORKS.

IT is not generally realised, probably, that our drinking water and sewage water harbour a very remarkable assemblage of plants and animals; some of them beneficent, and some of them bearing disease and death to the communities dependent on them. But such is the case; and the study of this fauna and flora becomes one of increasing importance in consequence. A forcible reminder of this fact was given us the other day, by the announcement in the papers that a new ally in the scavenging of filter beds had been discovered, in a tiny, wingless insect, less than a quarter of an inch in length, and belonging to a group known as "springtails."

So far its presence in this rôle has been detected only on the filter-beds of the sewage works of Glasgow. Here the vast bulk of the sewage is subjected to an elaborate process of purification, so that a relatively clear effluent is now discharged into the Clyde. The filter-beds, however, used in the final stages of the treatment periodically become

choked with a gelatinous layer of diatoms and bacteria, organisms so minute as to be invisible individually save under the highest powers of the microscope. It was on this living jelly that the "springtails" were found feasting in vast numbers.

When sand-filter beds were first formed, it was supposed that the purification of the water passed through them was effected merely by the mechanical passage of the water between the sand-grains, which strained off the organic particles. But it was soon found that this was far from being the case. It was next discovered that very soon after a sand filter-bed had started working, its surface became covered by a thin film of "jelly"; and this jelly, when microscopically examined, was found to be made up of the organisms just described, together with "colloid" matter, and debris of dead animal and vegetable matter. This was the filter; the sand was merely a useful, porous support for the film. Unless, however, this film is carefully watched it grows too thick, and then becomes impervious. The springtails are useful, then, only up to a certain point. They must reduce the thickness of the film, but they must not denude the bed.

The springtails are insects of more than ordinary interest. To begin with, they are wingless, and present many other signs of a primitive organisation. They derive their popular name from the presence, on the underside of the body, of a pair of jointed rods attached, or rather hinged, to the last or the penultimate segment of the body, and turned forwards towards the head. At will, by an unknown mechanism, these rods are simultaneously thrust downwards so as to jerk the body forwards, thus enabling prodigious leaps to be made. At times they appear in vast swarms in unexpected places, as, for example, on the snows of the high Alps, where they are known as "snow-fleas."

One species (*Anurida maritima*) has the habit, very unusual for an insect, of frequenting salt water. It is said to be common amongst the rocks on the shores of the English Channel. At high tide they retire for shelter between the crevices of the rock, which, carefully explored, will often be found to contain their eggs. A species belonging to the genus *Podura* haunts the surface of stagnant pools. Only recently I found a number of them on the surface of the water of an aquarium I keep. But they vanished as mysteriously as they came. These were white, and compelled attention by the way they jumped about in all directions on the water, as though it had been a sheet of glass.

As usual, I find my space too small to enable me to do justice to my theme. I wanted to say something of the host of other creatures which find congenial haunts on filter-beds, and in the water-pipes which



A GONG AS A REGIMENTAL WAR MEMORIAL: HOW THE 3RD KING'S OWN HUSSARS HAVE COMMEMORATED THEIR DEAD. The inscription on the gong, which was recently dedicated, reads: "In proud memory of all 3rd Hussars who were killed in action during the Great War, 1914-1918." Below is a list of names. [Photograph by Topical.]

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

CORPORATION OF LONDON.

Principal—LONDON RONALD.

Private lessons in all Musical Subjects, Stage Training in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing, Fencing, and Eurythmics. Complete Musical Education at inclusive fees, £9 9s. and £12 12s., comprising Principal and Secondary Subjects, Harmony, Sight Singing, and Orchestra. Autumn Term begins Monday, Sept. 19. Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free.

H. Saxe Wyndham, Secretary, Victoria Embankment, E.C.4.

SUNNY SOUTH

Bexhill Hastings Worthing
Bognor Hove Littlehampton
Brighton Seaford Tunbridge
Eastbourne Southsea Wells

Send stamp for Guides to Town Clerks (Dept. S.C. 10)

THE GOERZ VEST POCKET ROLL FILM TENAX.



A faultlessly made roll film camera measuring only 5 ins. x 2½ ins. x 1 in. fitted with F 4.5 Goerz Dagmar and Compur shutter, giving all speeds up to 1/300 second. Price £14 0 0.

Takes pictures 2½ ins. x 1½ ins. so sharp and crisp that they can be enlarged up to any reasonable size.

Write for particulars and the name of your nearest camera dealer stocking same to the sole wholesale distributors—

PEELING & VAN NECK, LTD., 4-6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED
WHITE
& BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
In making, use LESS QUANTITY, it being much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Himrod's Asthma Cure

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh or Ordinary Colds. Buy a tin today at your chemist.

4s. 3d. a tin



WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP
PROTECTS FROM INFECTION

7d. per tablet. Box of 3 tablets 1/9

BATH SOAP (large size).

1/2 per tablet. Box of 3 tablets 3/6

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."
PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number)	£2 18 0
Six Months	1 8 2
Including Christmas Number	1 10 2
Three Months	9 14 1
Including Christmas Number	0 16 6

CANADA

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number)	£3 0 11
Six Months	1 9 3
Including Christmas Number	1 11 8
Three Months	0 14 7
Including Christmas Number	0 17 6

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number)	£3 5 3
Six Months	1 11 3
Including Christmas Number	1 13 10
Three Months	0 15 8
Including Christmas Number	0 18 2

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money, by cheque crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the E. Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKIRCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

CRANE VALVES

For Heating & Domestic Installations.

CRANE-BENNETT LTD.,

45-51, Leaman Street, London, E.1.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS FOR EASY SHAVING.

WITHOUT THE USE OF SOAP WATER OR BRUSH. Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground and bears this TRADE MARK

We bought the business with the recipe trade mark, and goodwill from the Executors of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory from all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, Ltd.,

Barnes Street, W., and City Road, E.C.1



Lt. - Col. RICHARDSON
PEDIGREE

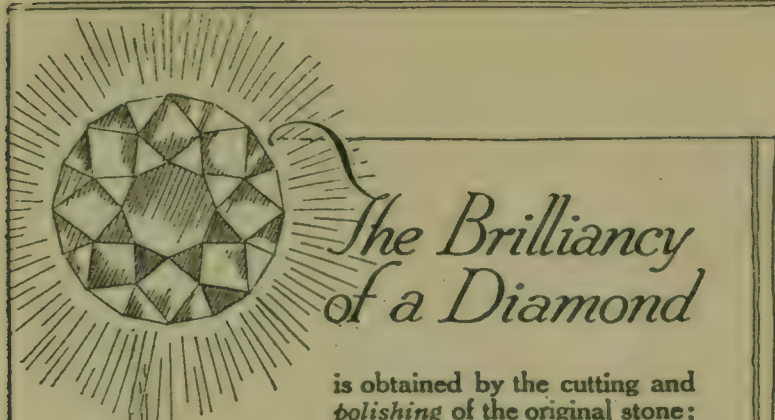
AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST BURGLARS.

FOR LADIES' GUARDS, ETC.

from 10 Gns. PUPS 7 Gns.

Wormley Hill, Brixbourne, Herts.

Tel: 22 Brixbourne 2 minutes from Liverpool St., G.E.R.



The Brilliancy of a Diamond

is obtained by the cutting and polishing of the original stone; and the perfection to which this art of polishing has reached is due to many years of scientific experiment. So, too, with Nugget Boot Polish which gives that fascinating brilliancy to smart footwear. Many years of investigation have resulted in a polish which not only gives a lustrous, lasting shine but also preserves and softens the leather.

'NUGGET' BOOT POLISH

'NUGGET' is made in four different colours: Black, Brown, Dark Brown and Toney Red. 4d. and 6d. per tin.

THE 'NUGGET' OUTFIT.

EVERY household should have the 'Nugget' polishing outfit. Sold everywhere in metal case.

2/6
EACH.

No. 803.

C.F.H.



VIA SUNNY SEAS TO SUNNY LANDS

S/Y "METEOR"

(3616 tons gross register)

SEASON: JANUARY—MAY, 1922

From LONDON, January 14th, 1922,

Visiting AROSA BAY, LISBON, CADIZ, SEVILLE, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, ALGIERS, MARSEILLES.

Inclusive fare for the 18 days' cruise London to Marseilles from £25 per berth.

From MARSEILLES, February 3rd,

Visiting RIVIERA, ITALY, EGYPT, HOLY LAND, GREECE, and SICILY, returning to Marseilles.

Inclusive fare for the 29 days' cruise from £55 per berth.

From MARSEILLES, March 8th and April 5th,

Visiting FRANCE, ITALY, SICILY, GREECE, SALONICA, GALLIPOLI COAST, CONSTANTINOPLE, returning to Marseilles.

Inclusive fare for each cruise of 27 days from £52 per berth.
SINGLE AND TWO-BERTH CABINS.

DETAILED ITINERARIES GRATIS FROM

B. & N. LINE, N. R. M. STEAMSHIPS,

Chief Office: 179, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

For Inside & Outside Walls

CAN be most artistically and economically decorated with MORSE'S Distempers. Easy to apply, thoroughly hygienic and sanitary, and less costly than wall-paper or oil paint. Made in 60 stock shades, permitting innumerable artistic combinations whilst other shades are made to order if desired.

MORSE'S "CALCARIUM" is washable, exceptionally durable and suitable for inside or outside work on all kinds of surfaces.

MORSE'S "FRESCO" is not washable but thoroughly hard-drying and has great covering power. Suitable for interior work only.

Morse's Obtainable through any Decorator, Ironmonger or Store, or from the makers if necessary.

"Calcarium" & "Fresco"

Distemper Specialities

Write for Shade Card and Artistic Booklet of Suggestive Colour Schemes, sent post free on application to A. T. MORSE, SONS & CO., Upper Road and Grange Road, Plaistow, London, E.13.

45 YEARS' REPUTATION



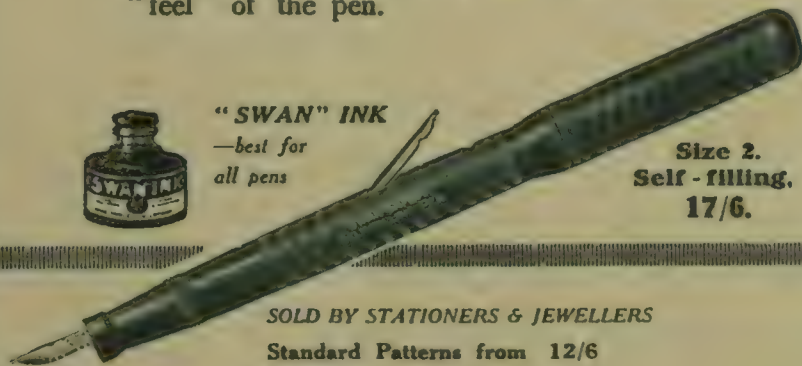
THERE are many fountain pens, but the "Swan" is distinctive; particularly in those details and niceties which appeal to the discriminating user.

We specially refer to the gold nib, which is tipped with hard natural osmiridium (not fused alloy, which is generally used), the perfect ink conductor and the entire "feel" of the pen.



"SWAN" INK
—best for
all pens

Size 2.
Self-filling.
17/6.



SOLD BY STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

Standard Patterns from 12/6

Safety 15/-

Self-Filling 17/6

Illustrated List Post Free.

MABIE TODD & Co., Ltd., Swan House, 133-135, Oxford Street, London W.1. London Branches: 79 & 80, High Holborn, W.C.1; 97, Cheapside, E.C.2; 952, Regent Street, W.1; and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

LADIES' NEWS.

NUMERICALLY we have long been the greater sex: recent statistics have only rubbed the matter in. Now we are in danger of having our heads turned, everyone is so busy discussing us. We are called the "new" woman, and are no more new than the times make us. If we earn our own living we are "no longer charming," or we are in the way, dispossessing men of the places we occupy; or, if we are well off, we have gilded charms and are not regarded as "surplus." The truth and all about it is that since we have been given a place in the electorate, and certain learned and other professions are open to us, we are at last finding out that we have brains and capabilities we never dreamed of ourselves, and while they are so new to us, we may misuse them. The men workers of the world, the men fighters of the world, have no such word for us as "surplus," and we don't mind a bit about the others.

An interesting engagement is that of the Hon. John Stuart to Miss May Wilson. The bridegroom-to-be is the second of the three sons of the Earl and Countess of Moray, and is a sub-lieutenant in the Navy. His elder brother, Lord Doune, came of age before the war. As his father has six seats, the coming-of-age was "sweetness long drawn out." Lord Doune was in the Air Force in the war, and did splendidly, winning an M.C. and being mentioned in despatches. The youngest son, the Hon. James Stuart, is Equerry to the Duke of York. He also served in the war and won an M.C. and a bar to it. There is only one daughter, Lady Hermione, who in 1919 married Captain H. Tritton Buller, C.B., M.V.O., R.N. Macbeth was a famous Earl of Moray. The present Earl is a clever artist, and the Countess is the daughter of Rear Admiral George Palmer. Miss May Wilson is a pretty, and will probably be a well-dowered, Rhodesian girl.

Men designers of dress are, I am told, dead against the reintroduction of the defined waist-line. This I find it difficult to reconcile with man's well-known appreciation of the female form as it actually is, with its graceful curves. There is probably some commercial reason for this attitude, if it really exists. No one wants early- and mid-Victorian eighteen-inch waists back again, and if there were such misguided people, they certainly could not have them. All the same, if it is to be a choice between the square silhouette and a gently indicated waistline, let us plump for the latter. Corset-makers would welcome such a turn of fashion. I have heard heads of this industry

fear that it would become a lost art if fashion continued to disregard the correct outlines of figure. There are a great many women who have never adopted the drapery-from-the-shoulders styles, but have more



A CHARMING AUTUMN MODEL WORN BY Mlle. JANE RENOUART.

Mlle. Jane Renouardt wore this charming autumn model by Lanvin at a recent race meeting. It shows the fashionable short coat in its latest form, adorned with embroidery and furnished with ample, wide-cuffed sleeves.—[Photograph by G.P.A.]

or less indicated their waists, and they are to be found among the best-dressed in our midst. What may do the square silhouette quietly to death is the flamboyant chintz and printed cotton frocks which are without form, and void of neck or sleeves, and, not to put too fine a point on it, hideously unbecoming even to well-shaped and well-set-up girls. They are claimed to have two merits, cheapness and comfort. One can but say that these two things are dearly purchased at the expense of many graces.

Captain Duncan Macrae, whose engagement has been announced to Lady Phyllis Hervey, younger of the two daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bristol, did well in the war, and was for a time a prisoner in the hands of the Turks. He is in the Seaforth, and is the only son of Major and Mrs. Macrae Gilstrap, of Ellandonan Castle, Ross-shire, and other seats in Scotland. The name of Gilstrap was assumed by royal license under the will of the late Sir William Gilstrap, uncle of Lady Macrae Gilstrap. Captain Colin Macrae, whose wife, Lady Margaret, is the only sister of the Marquess of Bute, is a kinsman of Captain Duncan Macrae. The Marquess of Bristol has no son; the elder of his two daughters married Lord Erskine, elder son of the Earl of Mar and Kellie.

Most people are hoping for a real good autumn season. It is very important that we should have one. The miners' strike spoiled the season proper, and has added to unemployment so materially that movement in trade is absolutely necessary for the freer circulation of money. It was rather unreasonable to expect the King and Queen to hold Courts in the autumn. They are expensive affairs, and we were recently made aware that his Majesty had to realise capital to cover a deficiency of £40,000 in Court expenditure. Taxation is well-nigh unbearable, and rates are rising limitlessly. Only a revival of trade promises relief, and for that entertaining and social movement by well-off people is imperative. Extravagance cannot be advocated, but patriotism should be. British money should be spent in Britain; running over to Paris to buy clothes is a thing to be determinedly discouraged. Dress here is just as smart as in any capital in the world. We realise the necessity for, and really cherish, the best of goodwill to our French neighbours, but we need our money at home, and can get excellent value for it, too. America puts a heavy tax on its Paris-purchasing women. Any talk of further taxes here would drive us quite mad. An appeal to patriotism should, however, be considered, and for a few years at least British money should be spent in Britain. A. E. L.



STERLING SILVER
TEA SERVICE AND SALVER.

THE TEA SERVICE is a reproduction of the famous tea service of the 18th century. It is a masterpiece of silverwork. A pair of teaspoons is also included. A catalog of the service will be sent post free.

Sterling Silver Tea Set (14 pts.) £15 0 0
Sterling Silver Salver, 14 in. - £17 10 0

MAPPIN & WEBB

158-162 Oxford St., W.1. 2 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 172 Regent St., W.1.
London

BURBERRYS OVERCOAT WEATHERPROOFS

The most desirable outmost covering for all weathers, Wet, Wind, Warm or Cold.
PROOFED

by Burberrys these Overcoats possess the attributes common to unproofed fabrics in regard to ventilating. The interstices natural to woven fabrics remain intact.

THE PROOFING prevents rain penetrating or even saturation, so that when wearing a Burberry Overcoat one is absolutely independent of weather, and there is no additional water-weight.

LARGE DELIVERIES of Coatings, including Fleeces, Cheviots and Coverts of the best qualities and exclusively new patterns

ARE SELLING at prices that appeal to those who appreciate quality combined with exceptionally reasonable charges. Starting at

SEVEN GUINEAS
Ready-to-Wear

(the happy-day 1914 price), there are magnificent ranges of patterns.

BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W.1 LONDON
8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS; also Provincial Agents.



Illustrated Catalogue and patterns sent on request.



The Jewel Trend of the Moment

A glance at the photos of celebrities in the illustrated periodicals shows very strikingly the enormous popularity of pearls. So conspicuous are pearls in the great majority of such photographs that one can scarcely dissociate these fascinating gems from a woman of fashion.

Socially, then, pearls have eclipsed all other jewels and continue to hold high place in the wearers' affections. So, too, by reason of their masterly reproduction of the genuine Oriental

Ciro Pearls

have achieved a well-deserved popularity. They are the very embodiment of all that constitutes the mysterious charm which the deep-sea pearl has exercised for centuries over women of all nations.

Judge for yourself the cleverness with which the delicacy of tint and texture of the real has been reproduced in these wonderful copies by availing yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former, or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money. Other lengths at proportionate rates—Gold Clasp 2s. 6d. extra. Descriptive booklet No. 16, containing illustrations of all Ciro Pearl Jewellery, sent post free.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. (Dept. 16), 39, Old Bond Street, London, W. 1 (Piccadilly End).
Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank.

"A Real Live Bank"

AN ATLANTIC OFFICE
OF THE
LONDON JOINT CITY &
MIDLAND BANK
is described by
VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE
as "A Real Live Bank
capable of transacting
any business"



ONE OF THE ATLANTIC OFFICES OF THE MIDLAND BANK

Banking Offices on the CUNARD LINERS
AQUITANIA — BERENGARIA — MAURETANIA

The OVERSEAS BRANCH (65 & 66, OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.)
of the LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK
has a special organisation and world-wide
connections, and offers

A Complete Foreign Banking Service

Customers of the LONDON JOINT CITY AND MIDLAND BANK,
travelling at home or in any part of the world, can
avail themselves of the special facilities the Bank
furnishes by the issue of

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES and LETTERS of CREDIT
encashable at

12,000 Offices at Home and Abroad

LONDON JOINT CITY AND
MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

The finest linen

in the World comes from Ireland. At Banbridge, County Down, Robinson & Cleaver weave on their own looms fine Irish linen that has been recognised as the best for a generation. As actual manufacturers they offer you the full advantages of direct buying.

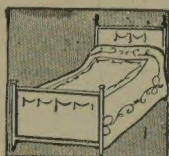
An extra special offer in Linen Pillow Cases.

No. I.L.N. 109. A real bargain in
bleached all-linen pillow cases. Size 18/9
20 by 30 ins. ... Per 1/2 doz.

In a better quality ... Per 1/2 doz. 24/9

We only have 50 dozen of each to offer, and they cannot
be repeated.

Write to-day for a complete set of samples of our linens
and our Illustrated Catalogue No. 40 D, sent post free
on request.



Delivery is guaran-
teed and carriage
paid on orders of
20/- upwards.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
Linen Manufacturers, Belfast, Ireland. LTD.

DUCO GREASE RETAINING GAITERS

For all Types of Car Springs.

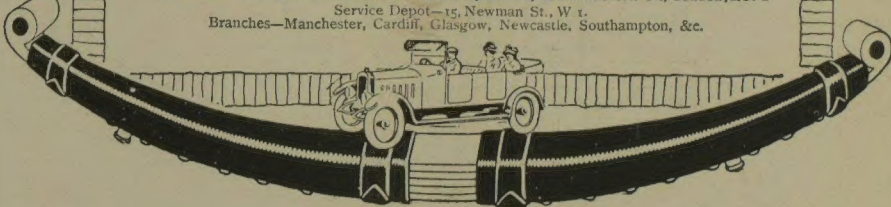
Keep in the grease and keep out the mud and dust—each an
essential to smooth running and complete efficiency. They are
easily fitted, and improve the appearance of the car. Your new
car—or your old one—will be the better for DUCO GAITERS.
Write for the Duco Booklet.

Obtainable from all Garages from 9/6 each.

WHOLESALE ONLY — **BROWN BROTHERS, LTD.,**
with which is amalgamated

THOMSON & BROWN BROTHERS, LTD., Great Eastern St., London, E.C. 2

Service Depot—15, Newman St., W. 1.
Branches—Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow, Newcastle, Southampton, &c.



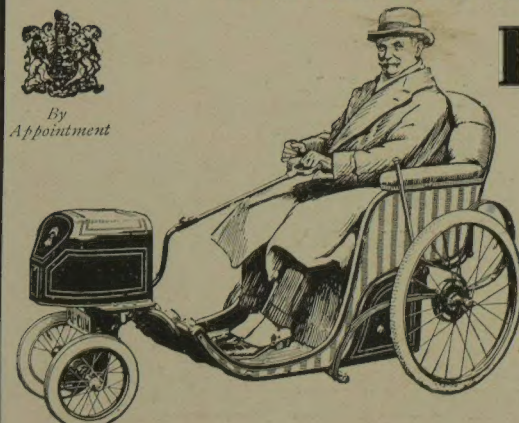
Telegrams:
Bathchair,
Wesdo,
London.

CARTERS
(J. & A. CARTER) LTD

Telephone:
Langham
1 0 4 0.

"The Alleviation of Human Pain."

By
Appointment

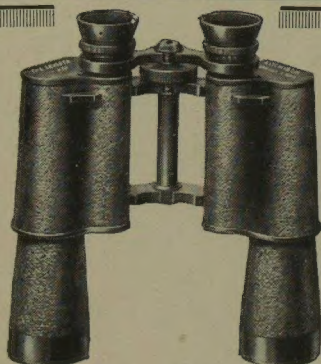


ELECTRIC INVALID'S CARRIAGE.

No lessons to learn—it "goes
by itself." Suitable for invalids
or disabled of any age or con-
dition. Cost of maintenance
practically nil. Speed up to
5 miles per hour. Perfect
safety. Absolute comfort and
simplicity.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
AND FULL PARTICULARS.

2, 4 & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET, LONDON, W. 1.



THE LEVISTA.

The LEVISTA is indispensable where
high power is the first consideration—
for Big Game Shooting, Nature,
Study, Deer Stalking, Travelling and
Exploring. It is not intended for
ordinary touring or racing, as the
power is too great; glasses of lower
power for these purposes are de-
scribed in our catalogue.

Specialists on the Eyesight.
Expert sight testing at all
our branches.

The most powerful PRISM BINOCULARS ever manufactured GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Falling prices and the using up of parts left
over from our war contracts have enabled us
to produce these remarkable glasses at the
prices shown below. We are the only makers
of Prismatic Binoculars giving a magnification
of 25 diameters.

Price, with central screw focussing, as illustration:

x 16 Magnification ... £16 10 0
x 25 Magnification ... £19 10 0

Including best solid leather sling case and lanyard.
Write for Illustrated Price List No. 11 L, Post Free.

AITCHISON & Co., Ltd.

(Opticians to British and Allied Governments),

428, STRAND, W.C. 2.

281, Oxford St., W. 1; 121, Cheapside, E.C. 2.

And Branches—LONDON, LEEDS & SWANSEA.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Show and Price Policies.

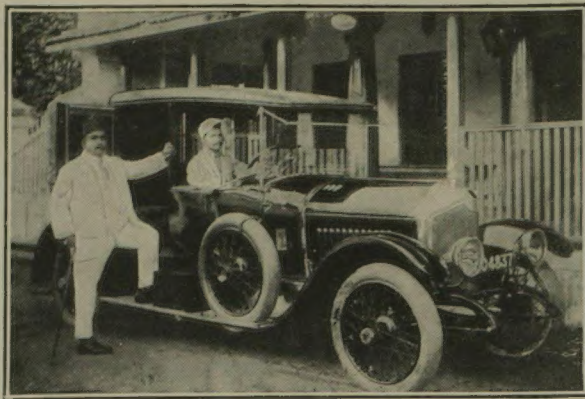
It is all to the benefit of the private motorist that times are changing in the matter of price announcements prior to the annual Motor Show. In previous years, manufacturers and concessionaires have withheld their prices until immediately before the opening of the Show, and until they knew, more or less, what their competitors were doing. This meant that the motorist intent upon the purchase of a new car was almost completely in the dark as to the actual prices he would have to pay—a condition which was obviously to the detriment of business. The last two years have been worse than any. In 1919 prices were forced up and ever up during Show week, when manufacturers realised the position and that the public was determined to have cars at whatever price was asked. One need not now discuss the morality of the proceeding, since it is probably true of cars, as of petrol, that the price of an article is that at which it can be sold. Last year the tendency was all the other way, and, instead of the movement being upwards, it was in the reverse direction. Which ever way prices tend, these fluctuations are bad from every point of view. The public becomes uncertain, and sales are lost as a consequence. Further, the bona fides of the manufacturer come to be suspected.

Things have changed very materially since last Show. The firms who are actually selling cars now are those who have made up their minds betimes and have announced their policies for next year. Then, I understand that the S.M.M.T. has ruled that the prices fixed and stated in the Show catalogue are to rule immutably during the Exhibition. Therefore, those who go to Olympia intent upon the selection of a car will know that the price agreed upon is that which will remain fixed for some time to come, at any rate in the case of those firms which are really worth doing business with at all.

The 30-40-h.p. Spyker.

Before the war the Dutch-built Spyker car had attained a considerable amount of favour among British motorists. It was a car of sterling merit, with no particular points to differentiate it from other cars of equal class, save that the distribution gear was unique in its way. The

post-war 30-40-h.p., six-cylinder Spyker is rather a different car, since it possesses a number of distinctive features which are all its own. There is no need to describe these



ENTERING HIS CROSSLEY 25-30-H.P., R.F.C. MODEL LANDAULETTE: THE HON. KHAN BAHADUR A. K. G. AHMED THAMBI MARICAIR.

The Hon. Khan Bahadur A. K. G. Ahmed Thambi Maricaire is a Member of the Imperial Legislative Council in Southern India.

at the moment, since I shall probably take the opportunity of the Show to touch at some length on the features of what is undoubtedly a very good car. I had one placed at my disposal for a day's run recently, and it is more of its performance on the road that I would speak at the moment. The car I had was one which, I was told, had covered a considerable mileage and had received the minimum of attention. The brakes required taking up, and one or two other minor details required attention, but beyond these matters, which are of small moment, I can find nothing but praise for the car. I did not cover a long mileage. Short of having a car for six months in order to see how it withstands wear, one can find out most things about it in the course of an average day's driving over give-and-take roads. The Spyker ran perfectly, and proved to be a delightful car to handle. The steering is exceptionally good and light, the engine smooth and powerful—a speed of 70 m.p.h. is said to be attainable, and, though I did not push the car up to as much as that, I am satisfied that the claim is justified. It is an excellent hill-climber, docile in traffic, and with wonderful acceleration even for a car of its power and type. Of course, at the price—£2600 for the complete car—one expects something out of the ordinary, and the Spyker is certainly that.

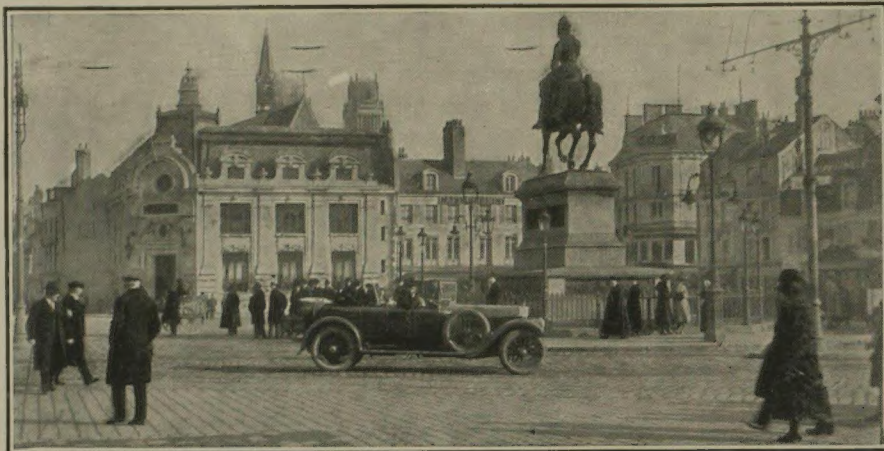
Rover Prices Reduced.

The Rover Company inform me that the prices of their 12-h.p. car have been reduced substantially. The two-seater is now sold at £625, the four-seater at £650, and the coupé at £750—a drop in each case of well over £100.

Mechanical First Aid for Motorists.

The Road Service Outfits provided by the Automobile Association for rendering "Mechanical First Aid" to members did good service during the recent Bank Holiday period in assisting motorists with stranded vehicles. The driver-mechanics of these outfits, in addition to giving roadside and other information to over 500 motorists, rendered assistance in connection with 380 minor breakdowns and mechanical troubles, and were able to help 74 owners of cars and motor-cycles stopped by serious causes. These records are supplementary to the many hundreds of cases of assistance rendered by the A.A. Road Patrols during the holidays.

W. W.



DIVERTING ATTENTION FROM THE "MAID OF ORLEANS": A NEW 40-50-H.P., SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER IN THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF ORLEANS.

Motoring in France has been widely enjoyed this fine summer. Our photograph shows one of the new Napier, a 40-50-h.p., six-cylinder car, in the central square of Orleans, beside the famous statue of the Maid. Passers-by, it will be noted, are much interested in the car, whose handsome appearance and advanced design have placed it in the front rank of the world's automobiles, and are making it increasingly popular with society.

BP

MOTOR SPIRIT

*"Best Possible —
They all say the
Same — Sir!"*

Put the best possible
in your tank, and
you'll get the best possible
out of your car.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C., 3



*Look
for
this
Sign:*



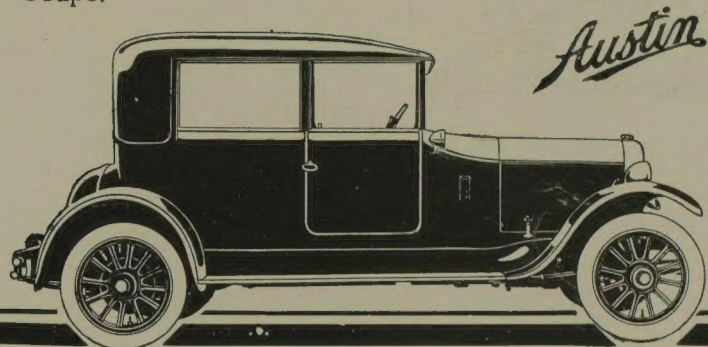
The AUSTIN TWENTY



The 1922 Season Policy

THERE are over 6,500 Austin Twenty Cars on the road giving such complete satisfaction that no changes in design are to be made for 1922. **¶** The intense care with which these cars are now built, and the big improvements in carriage work lately incorporated, make it impossible to anticipate any reduction in prices, so that there can be no advantage in putting off buying your 1922 car. **¶** In fact, for many reasons, the best time to buy is—NOW.

The
Ranelagh
Coupé.



THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. Ltd.
Head Office - NORTHFIELD, BIRMINGHAM
LONDON - - - 479-483, OXFORD ST., W.1
MANCHESTER - - - 130, DEANSGATE
And at BRUSSELS and LIANCOURT

The 19.6 h.p. Crossley already gained so splendid a name?

Crossley Because it is a Car far above the ordinary!

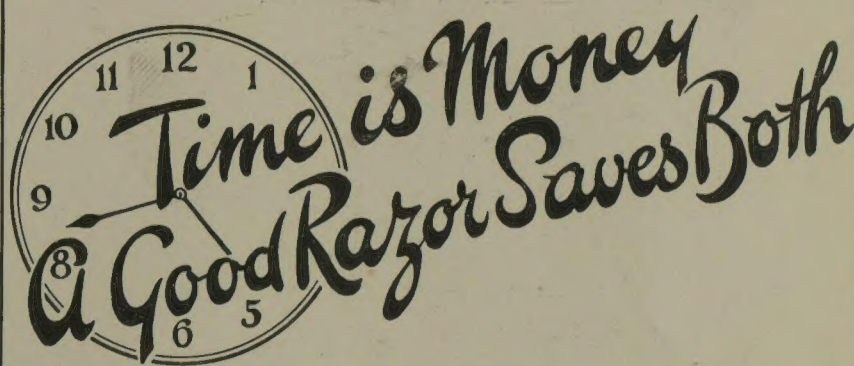
CROSSLLEY 19.6 h.p.
Touring Car

THE 19.6 h.p. Crossley is the outstanding British production of the year, and its road performance comes as a revelation to the motorist accustomed to an ordinary car.

There are cars which cost less to buy, but there is no car—British or foreign—of the same capacity which gives such good and economical service.

WRITE for Booklet containing full description and illustrations, mentioning this paper.

CROSSLLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER
London Office & Export Dept.
40-41, Conduit Street, W.1.



YOU can't beat that business-like sweep of a good razor, shaving down the face close and clean—a good razor, mark you—a Kropp. A Kropp shaves as quickly as any safety razor, and there is none of the fiddling, messy cleaning afterwards, no changing of blades in the middle of a shave. A Kropp is always sharp, and keen, and ready on the instant to give a quick, comfortable shave, however wiry your beard, however tender your skin.



KROPP
ALL-BRITISH

PRICES.
BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-
Every Razor is packed in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 8.
Wholesale only:—OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON W.1.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

"THE Sign on the Door" is the best play America has sent us for many a long day. It is a play of incident and situation rather than character; and it tells an exciting tale in a consistently exciting way. You must allow for certain improbabilities and coincidences in the plot, but the heroine's big scene is remarkably effective. There is no need to betray the secrets of Mr. Channing Pollock's piece. What ought to be mentioned is the brilliant performance of Miss Gladys Cooper, so assured in its technique, so adequate to every call, so exciting and yet so free from every appearance of over-strain.

"CHRISTOPHER SLY," AT THE NEW.

There is no need to take the cudgels up for Shakespeare in the matter of "Christopher Sly" as the Italian poet, Signor Forzano, has refashioned him and his adventure. After all, the story is older than Shakespeare, and if a modern author chooses to remodel the matter of the "Induction" and its practical joke, if he converts the tinker into a sort of Villon, and the farce into a lyrical tragedy, why, that is his affair, and so much more entertainment, when it is well done, as in this case, for Mr. Matheson Lang's thousands of admirers. Sly turned poet and romantic is, to be sure, so little like Shakespeare's drunken sot as scarcely to need to wear his name; but if the mockery to which the awakened tinker was subjected helps Signor Forzano to an atmosphere of irony and pathos, no one is harmed, and a *tour de force* of Hugoesque theatricalism is brought off. The production and the acting are rich in colour and picturesqueness. Setting and costumes have warmth; the music is helpful. Largest contribution of all, both in colour and in music, comes from Mr. Matheson Lang's voice.

"LA CHAUVE-SOURIS," AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Paris was not wrong about the "Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris"; M. Nikita Balieff's joyous entertainment

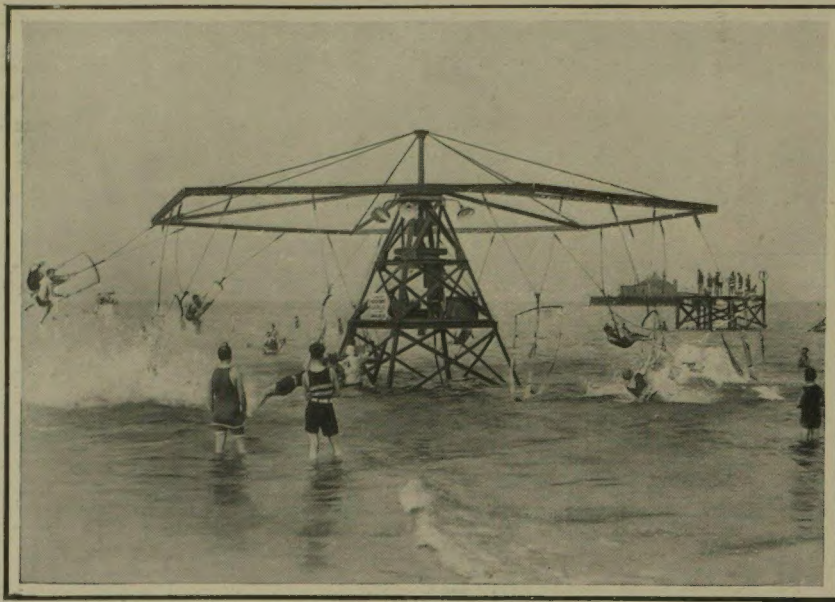
was worth all the praise it received, and as it has won Paris, so it will conquer London. And this though it follows Russian opera, the Russian ballet and "The League of Nations," which have all in certain ways anticipated some of what otherwise would have seemed its little marvels of invention. But if it is not quite so unique as some of us were led to anticipate, its artistry is as perfect down to the smallest details as the best things we have ever had from the Russian stage. And certainly M. Balieff, who gives the delightful pot-pourri its unity as inter-

tone, in consummate brevity. Look what he makes, for example, out of his Parade of Wooden Soldiers. The idea has been common property for long, but who ever did it so well? Then there are his Black Hussars singing in a subdued light, his Moscow women peasants in a splendid symphony of red and yellow, working up ensembles of folk melody, or his Moscow restaurant entertainers, reaching to climaxes of vocal frenzy—see what verve, what fire, what infectious excitement he can get out of small groups in the smallest intervals of time. And

what contrasts he can secure with his ridiculous Tschekoff episode of "The Sudden Death of a Horse," stopping so amusingly an elopement, with his dainty Sèvres Clina dance or his rollicking "Katinka" polka! Or consider again, when all the splendour of colour has been exhausted, the fun he procures out of his chorus of Russian wastrels, the maddest, merriest and most grotesque turn ever given on a variety stage—Gorki realism turned into farce. Incidentally, this magician teaches us much about Russia—the Russia which was before Lenin and will survive Leninism.

Business men proceeding to America and other places over-seas are finding the board-ship banking offices of the London Joint City and Midland Bank, Ltd., a great convenience. The company has not only a special overseas branch at Old Broad Street, London, with a detailed organisation and worldwide connections, but has also established banking offices on board the Cunard liners *Aquitania*, *Berengaria*, and *Mauretania*, where all sorts of transactions can be arranged whilst in mid-ocean. Lord Northcliffe, alluding to one of these banks on the liner in which he recently travelled to America,

described it as "a real live bank capable of transacting any business." Customers of the "Midland" Bank, travelling at home or in any part of the world, can avail themselves of the special facilities the bank furnishes by the issue of travellers' cheques and letters of credit cashable at twelve thousand offices at home and abroad.



A NEW THRILL FOR BATHERS: AN ELECTRIC DUCKING SWING IN THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN AT CHICAGO.

Chicago bathers have lately been enjoying a new thrill by means of this electric swing, which ducks the swingers at every whirl into the always chilly waters of Lake Michigan. The machine has just been set up at Wilson Beach, and has provided great amusement.

Photograph by Sport and General.

preter and not a little of its humour, is the most original of drolls. One suspects him of knowing much more English than he pretends, and each appearance of his before the curtain is a joy. Everything he offers, moreover, whether we have seen something like it before or not, has the most exquisite finish, in colour, in business, in gradation of



TOO many moderns let their cigarette smoking develop into a mere nervous habit of unconsidered repetition.

No harm in that, perhaps, so it stop short of real excess. But what a

sad misuse of an exquisite gift of the kindly gods!

Mere gratitude should dictate a more thoughtful appreciation of such good things as

MATINÉE Turkish Cigarettes

blended and made of the exquisite Macedonian leaf
by ALLAN RAMSAY